

The TATLER

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London, May 14, 1930

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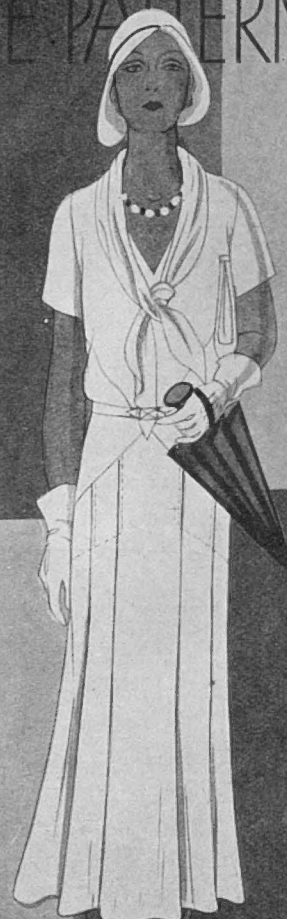
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THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES

Seen through the garden railings of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York's house in Piccadilly. A tricycle was one of the many presents which Princess Elizabeth got on her fourth birthday, which happened on Easter Monday, but not perhaps the one she liked best, as there was something said about a Shetland pony, and for interest and general fun four legs always beat any number of wheels! The Hon. Gerald Lascelles is the younger of Princess Mary Countess of Harewood's two little sons



PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT RUFFORD ABBEY

Howard Barrett

Lady Savile and her two sons, the Hon. George Lumley-Savile, the heir, on le.t, and the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile, assisted by the entire available household staff, organized and acted in some recent theatricals at Rufford. The exact characters in the cast and the name of the "play" have not been transmitted, but the audience must have been very friendly judging by the expression on the face of the actor on the right

The Letters of Eve



AT LINGFIELD: THE HON. MRS. CHARLES WINN AND THE HON. MRS. INIGO FREEMAN-THOMAS

At the United Hunts' Meeting at rapidly becoming leafy Lingfield last week. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn, who married Lord St. Oswald's brother, was Miss Katherine von Herkolom, and the Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas was formerly Miss Maxine Forbes-Robertson

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

DEAREST, — This summer looks like being marked out into a succession of special "weeks." Last week "Cotton Week," to celebrate which a number of the more decorative amongst us dressed themselves in frocks of every variety of cotton material and had a parade. Certainly the result should materially benefit Lancashire, since our sheep-like characteristic is notorious, and who wouldn't seize the opportunity to be fashionable as well as economical by the same means? Then this week is the week of the first Courts, to-night and to-morrow, and next week will be "Safety Week," for which I have heard of no very definite plans on the part of our leaders of Society. But demonstrations of 'bus-dodging (with specially selected 'buses, of course) in various well-chosen parts of the City might be instructive. Then afterwards we get Derby Week, Ascot Week, Henley Week, and so on till about the end of July.



MR. LINDSAY-HOGG AND MISS DRUMMOND

Another Lingfield snapshot last week. Mr. Lindsay-Hogg is a brother of Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Bart., who married Miss Frances Doble last December

Last week must really date back, as regards this letter, from the middle of the previous one, for two at least of its most important events were too late to write about before. One of them of course was the opening of the Academy. I must admit that this traditional affair is rapidly becoming about the dowdiest function of the season. The other day the few smart young women, with their neat turbaned heads and trim suits, looked startlingly conspicuous among innumerable shapeless figures crowned with the muddled millinery of yester-year. Two of the smartest were Miss Frances Carson with tiny pink feathers tucked into her becoming black turban, and Miss Doris Zinkeisen, that clever decorative artist, who was in pale grey with an enormous pink buttonhole.

And there were just a few more to strike the eye. Lady Oxford, for instance, in an original ankle-length dress and short fur-edged coat of flowered taffetas and a

plumed hat that would have graced an earlier century in history. And lovely Lady Howe with her daughter, Lady Georgina Curzon, who resembles her so much, and Lady Ravensdale, always an arresting figure, in black with scarlet beads, Kathleen, Lady Drogheda, Mr. Michael Arlen, whose new book, "Black Silver," will be coming out before long, Sir Nigel Playfair and Mr. Henry Ainley in the shiniest of top hats, and Mr. Arnold Bennett, whose tweed colour scheme created quite a refreshing stir in the somewhat mausoleum-like atmosphere. A touch of colour was added here and there by the very few artists who still dress in the traditional costume of a large black hat, cape, and brightly-coloured dress and scarf, of which Dame Laura Knight's was by far the most striking example.

Although there were several portraits of the younger set the sitters were conspicuous by their absence when I happened to be on the spot. So I saw neither Lady Lettice Lygon, whose wedding is now fixed for the middle of next month, nor Miss Rosemary Hope Vere except on canvas. Nor, either, Miss Talulah Bankhead. The rumour that the Tate Gallery was going to acquire her portrait by Augustus John was denied by Mr. Ede who appeared to be searching in vain for any painting worthy to be included in the Tate collection. Except for the five John pictures and a mere handful of others it certainly is an uninspiring and depressing show. Mr. Eddie Marsh's eyebrows seemed more surprised even than usual as he surveyed the official art of England.

It was satisfactory, however, to hear that the Chantry Bequest had bought Sir John Lavery's picture of the Children of Lady Howard de Walden. She was one of the three important dance hostesses last week, and is one of the few still to possess a big London house in which to entertain on a big scale, though, by the irony of fate, she far prefers small and intimate gatherings of art and brains. Her dance was to bring out her eldest girl, Bronwen, who is twin sister to the heir. The other two important dance hostesses were Lady Lansdowne, whose daughter, Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, is another of this season's debutantes, and Lady Helen

Cassel, who borrowed Brook House from her kinswoman, Lady Louis Mountbatten, to bring out her daughter, Hermione.

Of the other kinds of parties, one of the biggest and best to be given just recently was the Austrian Minister's. This bachelor diplomat has an insatiable appetite for entertaining, this being the second to be given by him



BREAKING THE HINDENBURG LINE: H. J. PALMER

The Essex amateur who got Woodfull, the "unbowlable," for 4 in the match at Leyton last week. Brooke (Worcester) also proved that Woodfull was after all only a human batsman and not an uncanny Robot

within a week, and all the best qualities of a host, which make him an invaluable asset to us over here. So, long may he remain in England. Being a real music lover, he always provides good music for his guests, whose frequency of invitations are directly proportional to their own musical enthusiasm. The artists he collected for the last party were Herr Bruno Walter, who is further solidifying his very solid popularity at Covent Garden this season, Mademoiselle Maria Olczewska and Miss Daisy Kennedy, and his guests, of whom Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise were the chief, included Lord and Lady Dufferin, who have just taken a house in Westminster for the season, Prince Otto Bismarck and his lovely wife, Lady Gwendoline Spencer-Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Loeffler, whose daughter's wedding was one of the events of last week, Lady Colefax, and the Oliver Hoares.

And to mention a few more of the specially musical, there was Lady Jowitt with her husband, Mr. John Drinkwater, Lady Queenborough, who has been doing up her house in Berkeley Square, Mr. Philip Snowden, and, that wonderful artist Frau Elizabeth

Schumann, who charmed a record house at Covent Garden last Tuesday by her singing in *Die Fledermaus*. That performance, the first for how many years, kept a good many people from going down to Newmarket until Wednesday. And except for the first day being specially remarkable for the presence of the King after so many months absence from a race-course, on the twentieth anniversary of his succession, they did not miss very much, for it was quite the wettest day I ever remember there. Practically everybody was wrapped in macintoshes and huddled under the stand roof. I think the presence of the King, and the glad feeling one had at seeing him back at his favourite meeting, kept us from going home much earlier than we did.

(Continued on p. 292)



LADY GRIMTHORPE AND THE HON. CLARE BECKETT

Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, who were married in 1914, have three sons and the little daughter in this picture, who is the youngest of the family. Lord Grimthorpe is an owner very well known in the hunting world up Yorkshire way, and an ex-Joint Master of the Middleton Hounds with Colonel "Peach" Borwick, the present Master



THE EARL OF CLARENDON, ON THE SPEY

Lord Clarendon is doing another kind of casting to Broadcasting (he is Chairman of the B.B.C.) on the Spey at the moment, where everyone seems to say the fishing is marvellously good. Lord Clarendon is the owner of historic Kenilworth, and was for years Chief Conservative Whip in the House of Lords



HELPING LANCASHIRE

Some of the devoted people who, in spite of the unfortunate accuracy in Buchan's prediction about a cold snap in May, attended Lady Peek's "Help Lancashire" tea party in London in summery frocks made of fine Lancashire cotton. The names in this group, left to right, are: Lady Peek, Mrs. Caswell Long, Lady Furness, Lady Ursula Horne, and Lady Burney

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

But before talking about Newmarket, let me just finish with London news. The return of the Conservative, Sir Cyril Cobb, at West Fulham, Gandhi's arrest, and the sudden death of Luigi, which has given so many of us a feeling of real personal loss. I had almost said tragically sudden, but happily sudden is probably a better way of putting it. The rest of the talk has been mainly concerned with weddings and engagements, of which one of the most interesting is Lady Audrey Talbot's to Mr. Tattersall. Then just a few people, though our summer is nearly due to arrive, have gone off on voyages to thrilling places. Lord Dundonald, for instance, who is on his way to South America in his yacht; Lord and Lady D'Abernon, who are visiting Athens and Jerusalem before coming to London at the beginning of June; and Lord and Lady Esher, who are enjoying Venice now instead of later on in the year.

Newmarket's first day was so extremely wet that not even the new Tote, which some of us had not seen before, was able to lure very many out of the shelter of the stands. Far less the paddock itself, where the horses walked round before a very small audience. Those who did venture forth returned with such rain-splashed faces, as well as rain-splashed everything else, that we thought it wiser not to try our make-up too severely. Everyone looked rather alike in the mackintosh uniform, and I thought that the four women who managed to achieve the smartest appearance were Lady Buchanan Jardine and Lady Warrender whose tall, slight figures and small heads would emerge triumphantly from any garment, Lady Carnarvon, who was again in blue, and Mrs. du Boulay, who looked very well in pale grey.

The usual habitués included the Hillingdons and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Lord Sefton and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, who were talking earnestly together in the pouring rain, the Bobby Jenkinsons, and of course Lord Lonsdale and Lord Rosebery, who with Lady Rosebery is living in Berkeley Square for the next two months. The Edward Marshalls, too, who have a dandy house right in Newmarket, Lady Bradford, Mr. John Craigie, who was with the Arthur Brocklebanks, and Colonel Carter, who was greeting scores of friends. Constance, Duchess of Westminster, was well prepared for wet and mud, with the high zip-fastened boots she was wearing—so much

more becoming than the rather clumsy Newmarket variety. Of the younger generation I noticed Miss Joan Faudel-Phillips, Mr. Walter Burrell, Miss Hermione Buller, Miss Mary Martin Smith, who has returned very sunburnt from the South of France, and her sister Pamela. It was a great disappointment when their father's horse, Ravenscar, got beaten by Boldero in the Thurlow Welter.

Guineas day was less crowded than it has been, probably because the morning was so unpleasant. But the sun broke through, hot and strong, in the afternoon, and we had a pleasant day's racing. And the Guineas itself was a real thrill. All the people I had seen the day before were there again, so I will only mention the others. Sir Hugo Hirst, who proudly led in his £480 bargain, Diolite. And Mrs. Bill Murray and her husband, who emerged triumphant and smiling after the very spirited bidding for Golden Apple. Then there were Lord Molyneux, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cripps, Lady Chesham and Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, who made a striking pair in black and white, and the Duke of Norfolk and his sister, Lady Rachel Howard. Lord Londonderry, too, in covert-coating and a red carnation, and Lord and Lady Blandford.

Then there were Major and Mrs. Jack Courtauld and their daughter Jean, who had to be content with the minor honour of third place in the Guineas. And Lord and Lady Stanley, who were doomed to disappointment by the failure of Caerleon. Others that I noticed were Miss Betty Manners, Sir Merrik Burrell, Miss Sylvia Portman, Mrs. Jim Hennessy, Lady Wolverton, in bluey-grey, with her two daughters, Lord Charles Montagu, and Mrs. Hubert Loder all in blue. The prettiest woman undoubtedly was Mrs. Jim Robertson, in a bright blue coat and crimson knitted cap.—All my love to you dearest, yours ever, EVE.

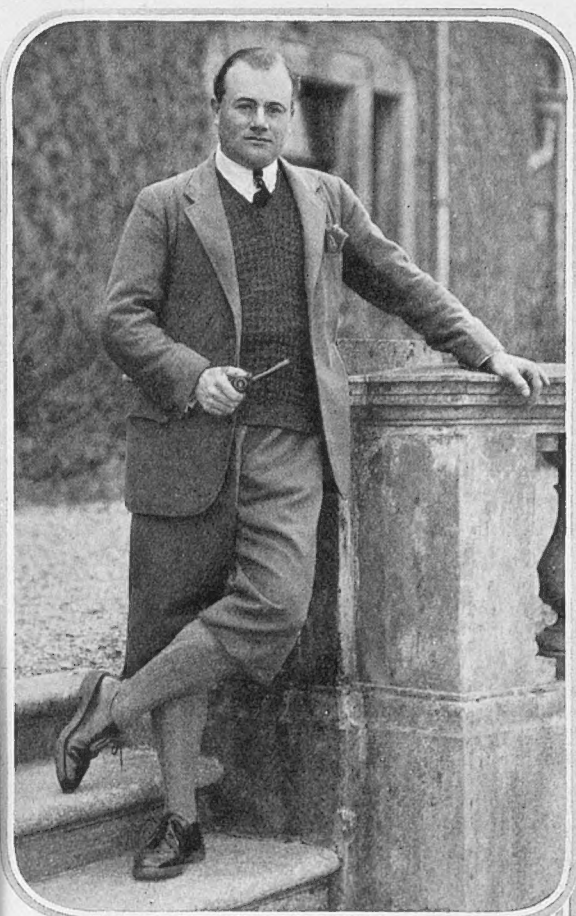


G. W. Day

AT THE KELSO 'CHASES

There was a strong Border and Buccleuch contingent at the jumping meeting at Kelso last week, and in this group are: Mr. A. G. Deuchar, Miss Betty Rumbold, who is a niece of Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Ambassador to Madrid, and Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere, Colonel and Mrs. Hope-Vere's daughter

A WEST OF IRELAND HOUSE-PARTY



THE EARL OF ALTAMONT, M.F.H.



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF SLIGO



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ROTHES



LORD AND LADY STAFFORD

Some of the house-party which Lord and Lady Sligo had last week for the fishing at Westport House, Co. Mayo, on their own bit of the river which flows through the estate into Westport House. Both the host and hostess are very keen fishermen, and in the days when Lord Sligo was Lord Ulick Browne he was also very keen on racing in India. His lordship, who was in the Old Bengal Staff Corps, is one of the dwindling list of the survivors of Lord Roberts' famous march to Kandahar in the Afghan War of 1879-80. Lord Altamont, his son, has joined Mr. Bowes-Daly in the Mastership of The Blazers. Mr. Bowes-Daly is a son of the much beloved Joint-Master of the Heythrop, Major Denis St. G. Daly. The other member of this house-party was Miss Leicester-Warren, who hails from Cheshire, and had been staying with Lord and Lady Meath at Bray before coming on to Westport to Lord and Lady Sligo

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

The Cinema : The Stuff of Glamour

By JAMES AGATE

I KNOW that I ought to devote this article to Greta Garbo and her first talkie. The reason why this article cannot be on this subject is that I didn't see her in this talkie. And never will. Never, never, never, never, never—as King Lear said in another connection. At least, I don't think I will, for the simple reason that as a silent actress I have adored Greta Garbo extravagantly. Now I hear that her voice is shocking and I do not want that to happen to my idol which has already happened in the case of Janet Gaynor. I have heard, let me repeat, that Greta Garbo's voice is shocking, and I am a little wondering whether the voice of little Anna Christie, whose short experience of life was made up of the streets, the gaol, and the hospital, might not properly be a little shocking. Are the film critics quite sure that Miss Garbo has not suited her voice to her part? Did they expect her to croon and coo like one of Sarah Bernhardt's Byzantine empresses? Perhaps some correspondent will tell me whether in all rôles this distinguished player's voice must shock. In any case I have not seen the film—which puts an end to the possibility of my discussing it.

In the meantime metal more attractive for an article comes opportunely to hand. I refer to the P.D.C. campaign-book for Miss Constance Bennett in *Rich People*. This booklet, which as all readers know is the bush under which makers of films advertise their wines, begins most promisingly: "Recognized as one of the finest exemplars of sophisticated women the silver sheet has ever known, Constance Bennett vests her latest portrayal with artistry as rare as it is convincing and eminently satisfying. The linking of stage and screen was never accomplished with finer results than in Miss Bennett's P.D.C. star picture, *Rich People*. Startling sound and scenic effects that create backgrounds and moods for the plot and dialogue such as could never have been accomplished on the stage. The picture opens with a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain that hits one bang in the face with its terrific majesty. There is a night sequence filmed on a yacht, where the mystery of moonlit waters, long streamers of light from passing ships, the soft crooning of the waves and bits of songs from sailors, all create an atmosphere of peace and tenderness ideal beyond description for the action which transpires." Now let us look at the transpiring action. And here I think I cannot do better than give the plot of this film in the campaign-book's actual words. Here it is in all its naïve glamour:

Constance Hayden, known as Connie, the daughter of Beverly Hayden, a multi-millionaire, is a pampered society girl. Her mother is in Paris and Connie is shocked to learn from her father that her mother demands a divorce. Connie bitterly blames her father's money as the cause of the marital rift.

Connie is the fiancée of Noel Nevins, a society man of wealth. She likes but does not love him. She is driving her car along a lonely road one day when a storm comes up and with it two roughs who try to force her into their own car. Jeff MacLean, an insurance salesman, appears on the scene in time to rescue her. He takes her to his bungalow nearby and she rests while he tries to mend her broken-down motor-car. Connie likes Jeff because he is so different from the men she is accustomed to meet. She dries her wet clothing, but forgets a piece of lingerie which Jeff subsequently finds and which he resolves to return to her.

Connie's soul begins to rebel against the daily course of her existence. She begins to loathe the thought of marrying Noel—her mind is occupied with Jeff, whose business efficiency she admires. She refuses to go to London on a flying trip with her former intimates, who seek in vain to change her point of view. They are arguing pro and con when Jeff, seated in a battered Ford, reaches the palatial Hayden home. He now realizes that Connie belongs to a wealthy

family and he makes up his mind to curb his growing admiration for the girl.

Connie cannot resist the temptation to tell him that she likes him, and when they separate she embraces him suddenly. He repulses her firmly and when she begs him to return soon, he shakes his head negatively. While entertaining some friends aboard her father's yacht, among them Captain Eric Danforth, the first man for whom she had ever cared, she learns that the Captain had married another woman. She upbraids him for forgetting her, but he tells her that her wealth placed her so far above him that marriage with her would have been impossible. "You might be a great woman, Connie," he says, "but as it is, you're now only the daughter of a very rich man. But when you fall in love again, go after it—don't let it get away from you."

Connie is impressed by this advice, and when her guests have retired, she goes ashore and walks to Jeff's bungalow. Jeff is still abed. She wakes him and says she wants to have breakfast with him. Jeff is surprised at Connie's fine cooking and goes to the city by an early train. When he returns that evening, he finds Connie asleep in the bungalow. Playing on an accordion, he sings to her, and unconsciously his love for Connie is fanned into a consuming flame. He again pulls himself together and tells her to leave him. She kisses him and takes him to spend the week-end at her home.

They are interrupted by Noel, who comes to consult her about their wedding ring. Jeff quarrels with Connie and angrily leaves the house. Connie tries to break her engagement to Noel, but without success. The day of the wedding dawns, and Connie is arrayed in her bridal trousseau. Jeff's dog, General, arrives with a note from Jeff, announcing that he has given up his job and is going away for ever. Will she accept the dog as a present and take care of him?

Connie takes the dog in her arms, and gathering her wedding finery about her, dashes from the house. A few minutes later, as Jeff is about to leave his home, Connie arrives in her roadster with General beside her. Then love asserts its sway. He takes her in his arms happily, for her presence there at such a time means only one thing—she really loves him!

Now either I have gone potty or this is the most gorgeous piece of bathos. I do not know which item to admire most. Here, for once in a way, is richness, as Mr. Squeers said. Shall I choose Connie, the pampered Society girl, bitterly blaming her father's money as the cause of the marital rift? Or the storm coming up, "and with it two roughs?" Or Connie forgetting a piece of lingerie? Or Connie waking Jeff to say she wants to breakfast with him?

Or Connie gathering her dog and wedding finery about her and dashing from the house? But the whole is monstrous. *C'est gigantesque*, as Flaubert used to say apropos of bourgeois enormity. The whole booklet is covered with little slabs of the best advertising sententiousness: "Had she been a poor girl, and equally charming, beautiful, and intelligent, he would have fought the world to win her, but hanging over them both was the smothering spectre of her father's wealth. How could he overcome this mighty handicap?" And again, "Was it moral cowardice or rare will-power that led him to look beyond the alluring vista of fulfilled romance?" And this, "An amazing picture story that will appeal to the heart and intellect of film-lovers all over the world?" Why drag in intellect?

Rich People of course may prove a good film to see in spite of its imbecile theme. We are told that the picture is "a jewel so exquisitely mounted that its own beauty is almost dimmed," and again that it is "a poignant story saved from pathos by the bubbling sense of humour with which each of the leading characters is endowed." But what shall save it from bathos? The campaign-book does not pluck out the heart of that mystery.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxxvi



CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS AND JEAN ARTHUR
IN "YOUNG EAGLES"

Charles Rogers, who is twenty-six, is the star in this Paramount Picture, but had reached this giddy eminence some time previous to this as he was Mary Pickford's leading man in "My Best Girl" and just before that led in "Seventh Heaven"

ON AND OFF THE STAGE



MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER

Dorothy Wilding



MISS JANE WELSH IN "C. B. COCHRAN'S 1930 REVUE"

Sasha



MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN IN "THE CALENDAR"

Stage Photo Co.

Sir Gerald and Lady du Maurier's second daughter, Miss Daphne du Maurier, of whom the above is a quite recent picture, has not only inherited the family dramatic talent, but is about to have her first novel published after making a trial flight with numerous short stories and articles. The book is being published by Heinemann's in September. Pretty Miss Jane Welsh is one of the leading lights in that bumper success, "C. B.'s 1930 Revue," at the London Pavilion, and Miss Margaret Bannerman is seen as Lady Panniford, the wicked woman in Mr. Edgar Wallace's play of the turf, in which some of the stewards of the Jockey Club thought they saw themselves portrayed—one in particular being certain of it!

The revival is now at the Lyceum Theatre



MRS. FOSTER AND THE HON.
DOROTHY PAGET

At the recent Southdown Hunt Horse Show and Pageant at Preston Park, Brighton. Mrs. Foster was formerly Miss Gwendolen Brogden, the well-known actress. The Hon. Dorothy Paget is a daughter of Lord Queenborough

place! He made the East Room at the "Cri," but the Embassy Club was his greatest handiwork, and he kept it at top-notch against all-comers since its inception. The there's many a lame dog that will miss him. Than Peter, who now takes charge, there could be no one better qualified.

To all intents and purposes jumping finishes with the last day at Sandown, and Major Barratt and Gate Book got a turn of the luck they deserve in winning the big race by faultless fencing from Donegal who made an error which cost him the race. Monday was a day off before starting in for an almost continuous string of important meetings. The Guineas meeting at Newmarket opened in the most pestilential weather, and it was very much to everyone's surprise that His Majesty came racing on such an awful day. This, the twentieth anniversary of his accession, was his first appearance on a race-course since his illness, and he received a great ovation.

The racing was not interesting enough to make up for the discomfort on the first day, and the attendance was pretty thin. It is extraordinary how the form gets sized up even of animals that have never been out, and in the maiden two-year-old race out of a field of over thirty starters the first three favourites were the first three home in their proper order. The other two-year-old race was won by Colonel Walter Guinness' Golden Thoughts, the favourite, Lemnarchus, being only third, and he is probably not of much account; while Colonel Giles Loder's charming grey filly, Atbara, got so upset at the gate that she got herself left beyond hope.

The continuous twenty-four hours' rain had altered the going very considerably, which may account for the moderate display of some of the horses, more particularly Rappahannock, who has become an overgrown three-year-old with a sloppy method of going which

RACING RAGOUT

By "Guardrail"

Last week Luigi Naintré of the Embassy Club, perhaps one of the best-known figures in London, passed painlessly away. With an amazing personality of his own, everything with which he was intimately connected was a success. It was at "The Roman's" that he first became known, and it's not so very long ago (or is it?) that it was to Romano's copper portals that every hansom bore its precious freight after the theatre. What a history could be written of the

took it out of him in the deep. This will be a nice horse when he has finished growing and furnished, but it won't be for some time. The gamest and the most duck-hearted performance of the day was put up by Boldero and Ravenscar respectively. The latter at the distance was cantering on a tight rein so far in front of Boldero that Perryman looked to have no chance in the hunt unless he could get his second horse, but the grey, plugging on with his tongue hanging out under

intense pressure got level with Ravenscar, who closed up like a knife and let himself get beat.

A slight concession has been made to the bookmakers since the last meeting, and they now line the rails as far as the gate, on which Mr. Bowler keeps such a watchful eye. The Sybaritic pitches under the roof which were such a god-send on a wet day have thus been swept away, and all stand out in the rain and take an equal chance. There seems to be no adequate costume for wet racing, and a bowler hat merely collects the rain in the brim, and then pours it into one's cigarette case, race-card, or brown book. There seems also to be some doubt as to whether belts with mackintoshes are *de rigueur* for men, and if so, the correct position of the waist-line this season. Judging by a well-known owner, who was wearing a confection in "elephant's breath" from the Maison Cording, the belt may be worn anywhere from the point of the brisquet to the original site of the primal chin. Should swallowing be in any way interfered with, a "bijou" little crupper can be fitted to keep it in place. All this thought was unnecessary when the racing could be clearly seen from the bar at the top of the stand, now far more commodious and comfortable, but removed to an underground pitch unsuited for watching racing.

Mr. Marriott has done wonders for improving the comfort of racing at Newmarket, and not the least item is the personal superintendence of the removal of non-members' cars from the members' enclosure, which on a big day was crowded out. Might one suggest asphalt paths carried a few yards into the "birdcage" from the members to avoid that slough made by the continuous passage of hundreds through a small opening on a wet day. Barring fine weather and winners there is nothing further one can ask for.



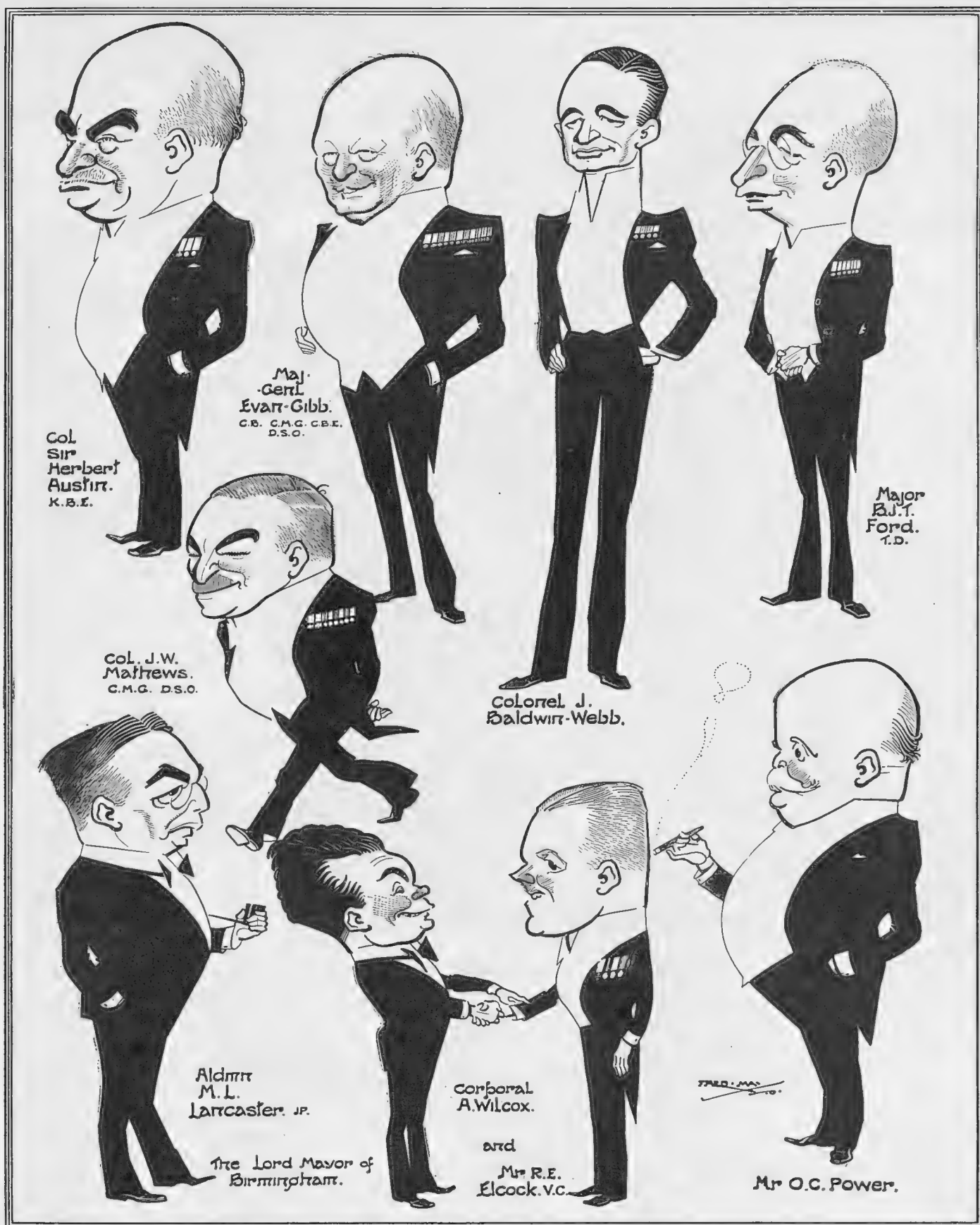
LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY AND
LADY IRENE CUBITT

At the United Hunts 'Chases at Lingfield last week, when Lord Willoughby De Eresby, Lord Ancaster's son and heir, won the Gone Away Open Hunters' Cup on his own horse, Brown Jug



MR. H. E. STEEL

Who is Mr. Tom Walls' principal patron and the owner of the honest Caballero, John Silver, etc.



THE R.A.S.C. ANNUAL DINNER—BY FRED MAY

A rather well-known and much-quoted authority is supposed to have remarked that an army marches on its stomach—but it also, as we know, needs an ammunition boot or two and a few other bits and pieces besides; but whatever it needs someone has to do the supply and transport even if it be merely that sickly sweetness known as “plumanapple.” The Royal Army Service Corps does, and has done, this particular job in the past, and like the “marine,” or empty bottle, is ready to do it again. These portraits were obtained at the first annual dinner of the Birmingham and Midlands Branch of the R.A.S.C. Regimental Association, which was held at the Assembly Rooms, Edgbaston, Birmingham, Brevet-Colonel A. Baldwin-Webb being in command of the operations, or in other words in the Chair. Speeches in praise of the R.A.S.C. tradition and of the value of the association were made by Major B. J. T. Ford, Major-General Evan-Gibb, Sir Herbert Austin, and others. The chairman of the association, Sir Evan E. Carter, was unavoidably absent and sent his apologies. Among the guests were the Lord Mayor of Birmingham (Alderman M. L. Lancaster), and at the top table were two V.C.s, Mr. R. E. Elcock and Corporal Wilcox

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

Wonderful Canada.

SO blind and self-satisfied are we of an older generation that I suppose it will take yet another decade before we grasp the fact that if a young man seems to be no good at any particular job he had better try the Colonies. It will take us years to outgrow the belief that the Dominions are a kind of dumping ground for younger sons and difficult social problems. That the whole thing is now reversed will be the last fact to be grasped by those whose panacea for unemployment is to get rid of the unemployed by sending them somewhere else. The truth now is that the ne'er-do-wells had better stay in England, where with luck one may often get paid for doing nothing. If there is any human dumping to be done, it seems more as if the Dominions could be forgiven if they dumped the superfluous unwanted on us! They have forged so far ahead that only the best human material will succeed within their boundaries. I sometimes think that the wealth, real and potential, of their Dominions, will be the last glory to be realized by the average stay-at-home Englishman whenever Canada, Australia, or New Zealand are mentioned. To most of us they are still in that stage of development which requires our help, our patronage, and our advice. So they are likely to outgrow us before we have realized what a colossal asset they are and increasingly will be. The links which bind the Empire will have to be strengthened more and more as time goes on. The Dominions are not only our hope, but they are likely to be our salvation. Miss Marjorie Harrison's intensely interesting account of her sojourn in Canada, published under the title "Go West, Go Wise!" (Arnold. 7s. 6d.), gives one furiously to think. The wealth of Canada, its even greater potential wealth, is staggering. At the moment it is ours, but already danger lurks ahead. American influence becomes stronger and stronger every year. The huge increase each year of foreign immigrants over British ones are helping to weaken that sentimental tie which until now has been the strongest one of all. Canada, indeed, is so much the country of the future that already the Mother Country is, metaphorically, slipping into the Past. Its problems, however, are still our problems more than most of us understand. From Miss Harrison's book one realizes the danger of sending Englishmen and women to a farm life out there. The usual emigration poster, depicting a young wife, charmingly dressed, waving adieu to a handsome young husband from a sunny veranda from which can be seen nothing but golden corn, does more harm than it does good. The facts are apparently so different from the poster. They always are. Farming is a precarious occupation anywhere, but in Canada it can be of a tragical precariousness. Moreover, according to the writer of this book there is a psychological danger attached to it as well. The utter loneliness of some of the cheaper prairie farms, the dearth of doctors, the absence of all those mild social amenities which make life in England something to be taken for granted, can so easily discourage settlers, unless previously they have been warned and prepared. Hence the ever-growing population of Russian,

Polish, and other emigrants who, used to a lower standard of living, are ousting the British settler on the land. On the other hand, the wealth of the cities—Toronto she considers will in a hundred years be the most important city in the world (unless by that time it is not the capital of the United States)—is enormous. This account, which she calls "A Canadian Revelation," does certainly reveal the untold wealth, actual and potential, of Canada. By reason of the briefness of her sojourn it is only a superficial survey, but it is extraordinarily interesting and revealing, not always in a way which is complimentary to the average Englishman's attitude towards this great Dominion. Yet it seems to give a wonderfully vivid picture of life out there. She visited, of course, all the largest cities, as well as many of the smaller ones. She stayed on a farm to study at first hand some of the problems of the Canadian farmer and his family. All the same her book makes one long to go to Canada by the next boat. Its top-speed progress, the magnificence of its scenery, its friendliness towards travelling Englishmen, its air of eager youthfulness, its vigour, and the varied aspects of life out there, should make a visit really inspiring. To the right type of young man what a future it should promise also! Could I have my own life over again . . . Ah, well, the biggest bores always know what they would do *if* they were twenty years younger. Anyway, even failure after the right kind of fight is part of the fun of life. It's what you pack into your every day which alone makes it worth living. It's the adventuring, not merely the getting there, which makes existence something to be thankful for. And Canada does at least provide the adventure as well as provide an "arrival" quicker and more gratifying than anything to be found in England, where, especially for younger men, the "wad" of the elderly and the stuck is too often their last and their fiercest battle to fight.

An Interesting but Disappointing Story.

It is always a very difficult matter to point a moral and yet keep a novel on the life-like line. So easy to make it all moral but with the point so blunted by perpetual use that reality is shattered into smithereens. This fate befalls Miss Eleanor Scott's new book, "The Forgotten Image" (Benn. 7s. 6d.). Yet so shrewd quite often are her observations, so often amusing is her satire, that, disappointed though you may be that the novel is not such a good one as Miss Scott's previous one, "War Among Ladies," you are nevertheless quite

sufficiently interested to read it without skipping from beginning to end. The title takes its message from the word spoken by St. James—the "natural face" which a man sees in the glass and immediately forgets or ignores. Alison Marshall, for example, believes that her vocation is social work, when in reality all she wants are disciples and the prestige of doing good. Hence the real reasons of her friendship for Beryl Chambers, an unfortunate, the more unfortunate because her life is rendered almost impersonal by her infatuation for an older woman, Pauline Frobisher. Alison believes that her mission is to rescue Beryl from this stupid infatuation; in reality, however, it is merely to gain a convert to herself. The results are

(Continued on p. 301)



Marcus Adams

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND AND ONE OF HER SONS

Her Grace and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke are organizing the Ball in aid of the Friends of the Poor Society which is to be held at Eresby House, kindly lent by Lord and Lady Ancaster on May 20. The members of the committee in addition to the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Carisbrooke are: The Lady Katharine Hamilton, The Lady Jane Egerton, The Lady Davina Lytton, The Hon. Mrs. Henry Mond, The Hon. Esme Glyn, The Hon. Mrs. Dallas Waters, The Hon. Mrs. Stanhope Tollemache, Lady Kinloch, Lady Horne, Mrs. Marshall, Miss Margaret Morrison, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Mrs. Pope, Miss Tennant, Mrs. Wesley Watson. Tickets, two guineas each, including buffet and champagne supper, can be obtained from the Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE

By George Belcher



"Of course she don't want people to know about it, so I tells them 'as I tells, not to go telling it others"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

so disastrous all round that eventually Beryl is driven to suicide. But as I hinted before, by this time the point of the moral had been so blunted by perpetual pointing that this tragedy leaves one almost unmoved, so greatly does it seem imposed upon the story by the writer's determination to make a good job of her thesis. In any case Beryl acts more like an infatuated schoolgirl than a young woman who has certainly had to meet some of the grimmer aspects of life at first hand. Yet, to repeat myself again, the novel is worth reading, because Miss Scott writes well, with shrewdness and not without a real sense of humour on occasion.

So Queer!

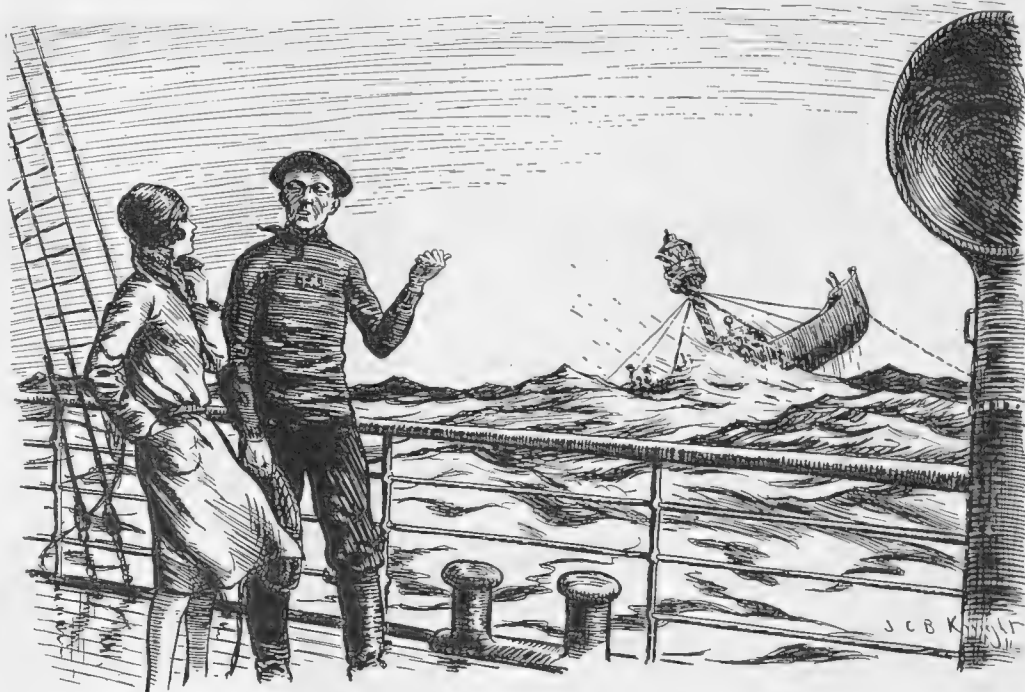
"The Secret Year" (Mills and Boon. 7s. 6d.), by Pauline Warwick, is a very simple romance for very simple people. It begins by a preposterous will, as so many simple romances begin. Isobel Stukeley inherits a large fortune on the condition that she leaves Society for a year and earns her living under an assumed name in some provincial town. The kind of society, however, which Isobel had to leave would not be a great wrench for most of us. Still she was loath to leave it. However, life provides many compensations in novels, and away from the too gay life Isobel meets a young workman with whom she falls in love. He does not like her money, however. She must surrender it if she would become his wife. Unfortunately this extremely heroic young man finds himself accused of murder. Whereat Isobel's love and etcetera, come in very useful in gaining his release. At which the young man's objections to her fortune are happily or wisely forgotten. She gets her money, he gets the girl he loves, and we get to the end of the story. And I can believe we all share a certain thankfulness between us. However, I do know a certain type of novel-reader by inclination who will find it all most enjoyable. People are so divided over what constitutes a lovely readable romance.

A Joyous "Guying."

In that most entertaining book, "Is Sex Necessary?" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), I don't know which is funnier—Mr. James Thurber's illustrations, or, in collaboration with Mr. E. B. White, the matter it contains. In any case the book is the most joyous guying of all those dreary volumes on sex which, seeking to present the Naked also seek to make it look respectable by the fig-leaf of medical science. The book is American, so investigation starts somewhere near the Pilgrim Fathers. When the male became so male—building up a big country and developing it—that the female hardly counted, the females, naturally intraverts, withdrew to weave around themselves mysteries impenetrable by mere men. "It got so that in speaking of birth and other natural phenomena women seemed often to be discussing something else, such as the Sistine Madonna or the aurora borealis. They became mysteries to themselves and to men; they became suddenly in their own eyes as capable of miracle and as worthy of worship as Juno

and her sisters." The result is, that American women, in believing that Womanhood is something more mysterious and finer than mere manhood, have got men to believe it as well. So they have an exceedingly good time—merely as women. And thus sex has become crowned with a mystery which never worried primitive man. The chapter on "How to tell Love from Passion" is delicious, if you remember while you are reading it all those adages, and bits of advice, and quasi-scientific explanations which are dealt out by Elders to the Young in the hope of solving that problem. Only, unfortunately, experience has a way of upsetting all this information, and, taking it all in all, this is as good as any: "The fact of the matter is, it's very difficult to tell love from passion. My advice to anyone who doesn't feel sure of the difference between them is either to give them both up or quit trying to split hairs." There is a chapter on "Frigidity in Men" which is very funny, and so is the one entitled "Sexual Revolution." Funniest of all, perhaps, "What should Children Tell their Parents?" "The phraseology should be chosen carefully, and efforts should be made to explain everything clearly but without use of words which

have a tendency to make old people nervous. The word erotic is such a word. . . . In the first place an overwhelming majority of parents do not know the exact meaning of the word erotic, and to know an inexact meaning is worse than nothing. Many are apt to confuse it vaguely with exotic. I have known parents go through whole books by authors like Havelock Ellis or Mary Ware Dennett without understanding a single paragraph



Helpful deck-hand: That's just a lightship, Miss—they're stationary—they don't move about at all!

because they thought man's eroticism referred to his desire to be in some foreign place like Spain." It is very difficult for a child to get at the heart of sex if at the first sign of interest its parents will immediately set off on a long and dull dissertation on birds and flowers, when the child is not in the least curious about *them*! Anyway, all the way through this book I laughed. It is so absurd, yet so true, and that is what makes it so funny.

Thoughts from "Is Sex Necessary?"

"I have seldom met an individual of literary tastes or propensities in whom the writing of love was not directly attributable to the love of writing."

"There has never to my knowledge been a case of a young lady telling her mother that she wanted to go to New York because she was seeking an outlet for her erotic eagerness. It was always concerts that she wanted. Often it turned out to be concerts that she got."

"Men don't stop to reason about individual moves. As soon as a woman calls on her husband to help her change the position of a couple of pieces of furniture he instantly thinks the house is going to be torn up as it was last year, with carpets rolled up in the hall, and step-ladders and buckets everywhere."

"Mutual suspicions of mental inadequacy are common during the first year of any marriage."

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxx of this issue

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

The Gretton-Loeffler Marriage



AFTER THE CEREMONY

Lady Mainwaring, in a fashionably long frock, signalling to a friend on leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster with Sir Harry Mainwaring



THE WEDDING MARCH



TWO TALL GUESTS

The Hon. Mrs. Fitzalan-Howard, Lord Fitzalan's daughter-in-law, with Baroness Cederström (right) set out to search for their cars



THE BOLIVIAN MINISTER AND MADAME ARAMAYO



THE HON. MRS. LOWRY-CORRY, MISS MARCONI, AND MR. MONTAGU LOWRY-CORRY



LADY HEADFORT AND BARON CEDERSTRÖM

When Miss Margaret Loeffler, the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Loeffler, was married last week to the only son of Colonel Gretton, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Gretton, St. Margaret's Westminster, was hardly able to seat the enormous number of invited guests. The wedding was remarkable for being an all-white one, from the lilac and lilies which adorned the church to the white satin and silk net which decorated the engaging bride and her eight bridesmaids. Mr. John Gretton's extra nice presents to the latter consisted of red lacquer and diamond powder-boxes. Lord Brecknock was best man, and after the ceremony, at which

Canon Bibby Blakeney officiated, Mrs. Loeffler held a vast reception at 51, Grosvenor Square. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps were present, among them Señor Don Carlos Aramayo, the popular Bolivian Minister and his wife. Mrs. Fitzalan-Howard is Lady Manton's sister, and remarkably like her, and Baroness Cederström is a daughter of the late Lord de Ramsey. Mrs. Lowry-Corry was the Hon. Mary Biddulph till last year. Her husband is the son of Brigadier-General and the Hon. Mrs. Lowry-Corry, and a cousin of Miss Marconi. Lady Headfort, whose only daughter was married a few days earlier, was another notable guest.



FORD FARM WIN THE NORTON CUP

Dennis Moss

The final of this cup was played on the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club ground in demd, damp, moist and unpleasant weather. Ford Farm won it, beating The Pirates (+1½) by 7 to 4½. The names in the picture are, left to right: Captain Charles Tremayne, Major P. Magor, Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington, and Captain R. R. Smart

IT has been suggested that as an aid to the scheme for popularizing polo and arousing public interest upon which the London polo clubs have embarked, it may be useful to publish a few easily understood facts and figures about people who are certain to be very prominent during this season, and who though familiar to all those who are connected with the game are perhaps unknown to the man and woman sitting in the grand stand. At the Beaufort Club trial at Norton the other day, for instance, was one man who had never seen a game of polo in his life, and had just arrived, as I gathered, from somewhere in Northern China. He did not know what was meant by a *chukker*, which incidentally is the Hindustani word for a wheel—a round—or that these periods were usually of the duration of eight minutes (incidentally, if modern boxers had to fight eight-minute rounds they would send for the Flying Squad or the R.S.P.C.C., or something) and he did not know that there was no off-side rule in polo or that only goals counted. Of course at one time it was not only goals which counted, and there were things called "subsidiaries," i.e. "near" goals which counted when the ball passed over a chalked crease on either side of the goal-posts. We have also got shut of that complicated American scoring by fractions of goals for various penalties, and the game has been simplified and considerably quickened. But this visitor from China knew nothing of all this, nor did he understand how the handicap figures appended to each player's name were assessed until he was told that these figures are intended to indicate the handicapper's opinion of the particular player's goal value taking, let us say, a top figure of 10 as a working basis only. No player, for instance, is as a rule likely to hit 10 goals for his side in one match. There was another *voyageur* present at that first International trial game who had come all the way from Mohammerah, up the Gulf of Persia, and who had never seen any first-class polo played before, and was full of enthusiasm over the thrills and excitement he got. It is probable, therefore, that there are many men from Mohammerah, and men from China, and men from the ends of the earth, who are as equally enthusiastic as these two I just happened to meet, and it is in their interests which I think anyone who can should endeavour to work so as to enable them to pick up the story and listen to it with increasing interest as it ploughs its way along to that point at which, let us hope, we may be able to say, "and they lived happily ever after."

It may therefore be of some service if, as more or less a preliminary, we review the "troops" so far mobilized for this coming International battle for a very ugly cup, as I think, the first match of which is to be played in America at their "Hurlingham," called Meadowbrook, on September 6 as ever is. So here goes:

Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby (No. 1).—Played in this position in the second of the 1924 matches in America, and performed as well as the Americans would let any of our people

POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"

perform; we were wiped out 14 to 5. Also played last season, No. 2, for the victorious Pilgrims' team during London, etc., season; a good strong hitter, a fine horse-man, but not growing younger.

Captain C. T. I. Roark (No. 2).—Played in Army-in-India team v. America in 1927, and performed, as always, magnificently. Was in the Hurricanes-American team which won the American Open Championship, and was surprisingly beaten in the Championship at Hurlingham. Roark is rated by the Americans the superior of their star 10-goal man, Thomas Hitchcock, jun., and is, so the Americans say, the only man who has discovered how to "bottle" him. This was shown in the final of the American Open Championship last year, when Roark never left Hitchcock. The Hurricanes, thanks to this principally, won 11 to 7 from Hitchcock's Sands Point team with three American Internationals in it, namely—W. A. Harriman and young E. A. S. Hopping, both played v. The Argentine for America for the new North v. South Cup, and Hitchcock himself the third one.

Captain C. H. Tremayne (No. 3).—Captain and dictator for this year's International. Was formerly in the 11th Hussars regimental team. Has never played in an International match. Went to America last autumn to play in the Eastcott team in the Open, and it was knocked out very early on. Reports were a bit conflicting as to how Captain Tremayne shaped in the American game. He is playing very well at the moment, but our provisional team has not yet had much in the way of opposition upon which to sharpen its teeth. Captain Tremayne has an excellent knowledge of the game.

Mr. H. P. Guinness (back).—Is in the Scots Greys, was reserve for the Army-in-India team in 1927. Showed up well in some of the matches after the International and played well in London last season. Was put into this 1930 team after Colonel P. K. Wise had been selected and dropped almost as quickly. Both events occasioned some surprise as Mr. Guinness was not before this considered the best back available, but is so now.

That is the present team, but the selection is not, we are given to understand, a final one. It is more than likely that before the time arrives for our team to sail there will be alterations, but naturally the sooner a final team is picked and kept together and played on its ponies, the better our chance becomes.



ROVERS v. LIFE GUARDS AT RANELAGH

The Tins beat the Rovers (+1) by 5 to 4 in the opening game of the Ranelagh Fortnightly Cup. Lieut.-Colonel Pleydell-Railston (right) was co-opted for the Life Guards. He is actually an ex-Rifleman

LIGHTS O' LINGFIELD



MR. J. B. ("BUNNY") LEIGH, THE APPRENTICE, AND MAJOR F. B. SNEYD

Mr. "Bunny" Leigh is the well-known Lingfield Steward, where naturally enough he likes to see his colours in the van. Major Sneyd is the wizard of Wantage, who continues to keep that old warrior, Sir Joshua, on his legs, and has also Old Orkney, Posterity, and many more in his care



IN THE SOCIETY MIRROR



ENGAGED: MR. E. H. TATTERSALL AND LADY AUDREY TALBOT

Lady Audrey Talbot, whose engagement to Mr. E. H. Tattersall, D.S.O., late 5th Dragoon Guards, was announced recently, is one of the three daughters of the late Lord Ingestre, who died during the war, and was in the Blues. On the death of the late Lord Shrewsbury in 1921, his grandson, who is the late Lord Ingestre's only son, succeeded. Lady Ingestre, who is a daughter of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget, married as her second husband, Mr. Richard Pennoyer, who was in the United States Diplomatic Service. The present Earl of Shrewsbury is only fifteen, and the heir-presumptive is his great-great uncle, the Hon. Sir Reginald Talbot. Lady Furness, the charming and very decorative wife of Lord Furness, is an American, and is a daughter of Mr. Harry Hays Morgan, U.S.A. Consul-General at Buenos Aires. Both Lord and Lady Furness are very well known up Leicestershire way, where he has Burrough Court, Melton Mowbray, and he is a former Master of the York and Ainsty, and the breeder of that great hound Vandyke, who has made a bit of history in the Quorn kennel as he sired Critic, the dam of their champion hound Cruiser, who won at Peterboro.



LADY AUDREY TALBOT

Yevonde



LADY FURNESS

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER,—Although I have been motoring around France for so many years now I still respond to the thrill of waking in a provincial hotel bedroom, breakfasting on bad coffee and yesterday's bread (bakers are not early risers in the provinces), and setting out by any weather to accomplish several hundred kilometres of "national" road in order to arrive in Paris in time for much-needed ablutions (since I still stick to a "roadster" and prefer it "open" to "closed"), a cosy dinner and a *répétition générale*! When, as was the case last night, the *générale* is of a revue by Rip and takes place at that smartest of smart little theatres, the Daunou, my pleasure is all the greater. Certainly I felt somewhat sun-scorched about the face and wrists (can you drive with gloves neatly buttoned? I can't!) but that again gave me a certain feeling of superiority. The rest of the audience was so very pale-faced! It grew less pale as the evening proceeded. The physical effort of expressing gratitude and pleasure by means of violent applause brought the flush of health to many an urban complexion, and one of our most notoriously bald and captious critics positively glistened with exertion!

"*L'é Temps qui Court*" is quite the most brilliant revue that Rip has given us for a long time. It is in his most witty and caustic manner and a scathing commentary of "the passing hour." If he makes us squirm a little as he holds up our modes and manners to well-deserved ridicule we forgive him, because it is done so cleverly and with such good humour. Jane Renouardt, leading lady and manageress of the Daunou, has produced the show excellently well and has surrounded herself with a star cast. She astonishes us with a wonderful imitation of Yvonne Printemps (Rip has sadly mauled poor Sacha!), and an amusing "Little Lady" of 1900 after appearing as a "Pretty Lady" of to-day. This scene reminds me of one of Rip's greatest successes, "Plus ça Change," which was played in London by Delysia under the title of "As You Were"!

I also got back to Paris in time for the Varnishing Day of the Salon. Not that this means anything nowadays, though as a possible scene for a revue the fact has not yet appealed to



EMIL VON SAUER

A very bird-like impression of the famous composer-musician by "Tor." Emil von Sauer is a very celebrated interpreter of Schumann and Schubert. He was a pupil of Rubinstein and Liszt, and is himself a composer of much distinction. He was born in Hamburg in 1862



GEORGE AND LUDMILLA PITOEFF AVEC FAMILY

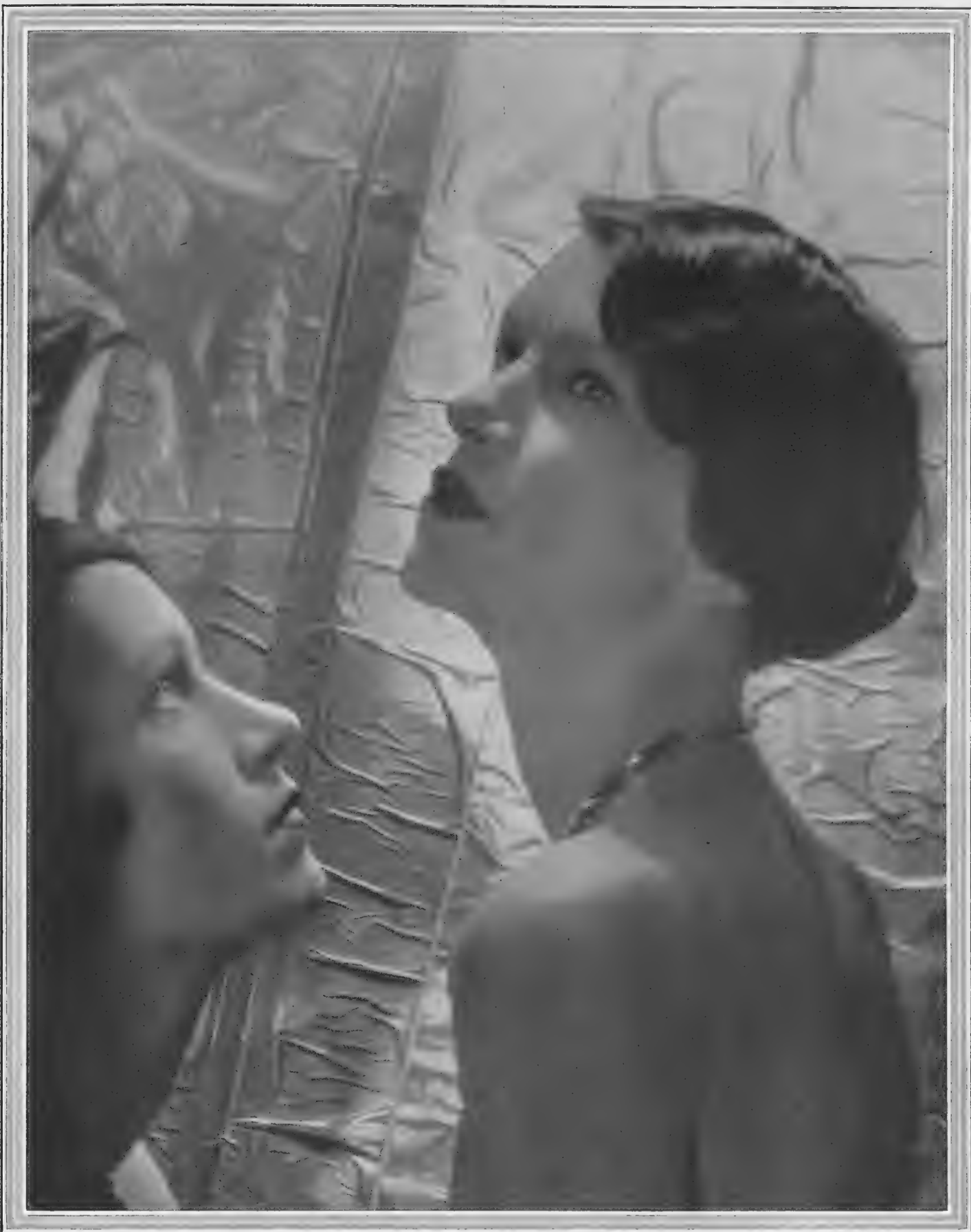
The famous pair who are coming to London in June and will be presented by Mr. C. B. Cochran in association with Mr. Maurice Browne, and are bringing their own company. Their first production probably will be Shaw's "Saint Joan" in French

Rip. The notabilities and the frocks are smothered in the huge crowd that jostles through the rooms and marks time in a solid scum in front of the Pictures-That-Must-Be-Seen, though heaven knows they are not easy to find since there are some six thousand odd (oh VERY, some of 'em) canvases that line the walls of the Grand Palais. Van Dongen has surpassed himself this year! His tongue must be permanently riven to his cheek. His "Portrait-of-a-Lady" is of the real Gaudelupus brand. A violently blue background howls unto the skies. An amazingly proportioned figure distorts a frock that seems to be made of melted glue. Hair—or is it something else—is strained back from a face that expresses the horrible blankness that one feels during a bad Channel crossing when one fears that one may possibly succumb. A most frightening composition altogether. Chabas of the eternal Early-Morning or Late-Afternoon Bathers has given us a study of some delightful children, silk shirt, sailor jumper, and football all complete, and I bless him for them just as I bless Etcheverry for his inevitable portrait of Madame X, Y, or Z (only this time it is Madame E—); and for so pleasingly living up to his reputation of making the spectators long to finger the texture of his draperies. I also enjoyed Pascau's canvas entitled "Peinture moderne." It represents an artist seated before his model—a lovely Nude Young Thing—and his easel on which the study of the model is done in the "modern" manner. I think that Pascau must have enjoyed this "dig" at his *confrères*. The proof of the picture is in the painting! There are some amusing little compositions by Albert Guillaume, whose works will remain as entertaining illustrations of *le temps qui court*; here the title of Rip's revue serves again.

I had the most glorious run up from the South. Strangely enough I had never before taken the coast road from St. Raphael to Toulon; it was therefore new to me; how I enjoyed it! And to think that I had never before seen Toulon, though Claude Farrère's "Petites Alliées," a book I have always loved, shows one the many possibilities of that most seductive town. I dined in the harbour, at the water's edge. Blue jackets—the *cols bleus* of France—abounded, for the Mediterranean Squadron was just outside; it was their last evening's leave and, bless them, they were making the most of it.—PRISCILLA.

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Cecil Beaton

THE RUTHVEN TWINS: THE HON. MRS. JOHN LEIGHTON BARRAN AND THE HON. MARGARET HORE-RUTHVEN

The Hon. Mrs. Barran, who was the Hon. Alison Hore-Ruthven, was married in March last year at the Guards' Chapel to Mr. John Leighton Barran, the eldest son of Sir John and Lady Barran. Major-General Lord Ruthven was in the Scots Guards, and after going through the War in which he was wounded, got a mention, the C.M.G., the C.B., and a brevet, and had the London Command from 1924 to 1928. Lord Ruthven got a D.S.O. in the South African War in which he was D.A.A.G.

THE PASSING SHOWS



"Rio Rita,"
at the Prince
Edward
Theatre

MISS EDITH DAY AND MR. GEOFFREY GWYTHYR

Embellishing the love passages with the bravura expected of a heroine who is Mexican with a dash of Gringo, and a hero who is a gallant captain in the Texas Rangers, or Boys of the "All-pals-together" Brigade

THERE are recompenses for missing the first sacred rites of the latest American musical romance at the last word in London theatrical palaces. Visiting the Prince Edward Theatre the other night to see *Rio Rita*, the resurrection of the curtain at half-time produced a mixture of local colour calculated to bewilder the average foreigner, especially a late-comer who had failed to observe the posse of police in the environs of Greek Street, and the limelight which, before the play began, gleamed on the occupants of the two principal boxes.

Ante-dating matters by a few moments, here we were, at the end of Part I, nicely knee-deep in the glamour of the Brighter Mexico movement, a million miles, it might have been, from Cambridge Circus. From the upper ramparts of General Esteban's patio a group of maidens looked down on the courtyard below. Here were more maidens, some about 7 ft. tall, in immense straw hats and what I can only describe as velvet one-piece trousers having no back. Here, too, were soldiers favouring a delicate shade of beige and a carbine apiece, loaded (or not), and prepared to be discharged at the doorway against which Miss Edith Day had flung herself just in time. As she stood there, more in sorrow than in anger, the mellow baritone of Mr. Geoffrey Gwyther wafted a few bars of the theme song from the open spaces of the prairie. Mr. Bernard Nedell, superbly accoutred in the undress uniform of a Mexican general, paused impotent before the delectable chanteuse whose declaration of "I forbid the bangs" appeared, under the circumstances a trifle unreasonable. Mr. Gwyther's sudden departure merely proved to *Rio Rita*, as the General intended it should, that the mysterious Jim, who had been making violent love to her for a fortnight, was a captain in the Texas Rangers who was doing his best to handcuff her brother Roberto. Roberto,



MR. LESLIE SARONY

As Chic Bean, bigamist, in the act of realizing as the sparks fly upward that trousers, if souvenir hunters insist on button-snipping, have a natural tendency to follow an opposite course

it seemed, was none other than the notorious bandit known as the Kinkajou, or Mexican Wildcat, for whose capture a reward was going begging of 10,000 dollars.

Above all this splendiferous medley of colour and drama blazed a sky bluer than any poster can ever paint the Mediterranean. A sky blue enough to supply the explanation for the inability of recent musical comedies (I am thinking of *Here Comes the Bride* and *Silver Wings*) to dispense with at least one scene laid in Spain or Mexico. Local colour could go no further. Romance was king and remained so until a small bespectacled gentleman in a tweed suit walked firmly from the prompter's corner and held up his hand for silence. For a moment, forgetting the occupants of the boxes, one was taken by surprise. Here, one thought, was the stage manager with grave news. If Mrs. Whiffletree of the Crumbles, Penge, was in the audience, would she go at once to the General Hospital, Chicago, where her brother Alfred . . . or perhaps something had occurred to prevent the complete change of air in the auditorium (vide programme) every ten minutes for the rest of the evening.

Doubts were set at rest when the intruder merely requested us to keep our seats while he introduced "his" winning team and the famous English cup. (Applause.) Whereupon the box-holders slowly disappeared from view, and the curtain remained lowered until the Arsenal team (with cup) lined up in front of Mexico United and stood there in a row, gazing bashfully at some of their 93,000 admirers who were or were not at Wembley.

After that Mr. George Gee, the famous comedian, introduced Mr. Tom Webster, the famous cartoonist, who apologized for everybody's tweed suit, including his own, and hinted that Sir Thomas Lipton had engaged the stalwarts now



MISS MAUD ZIMBLA

Very Spanish as Carmen, the lady whom Rio Rita supplants in the General's fickle affections

on view, at enormous expense, to man the new *Shamrock* (laughter). And after that one was allowed to explore the interior *décor* ("fuchsia and gold") and the show-cases of the new theatre, reflecting the while how much more romantic it would have been had the victors turned out in their red jerseys and complete war paint. The modern golf-playing actor is taunted by admirers of the old school for losing his glamour by too-frequent off-stage exposures. At least he can retort that he looks no less unromantic in a drawing-room or on a golf course than a professional half-back blinking at the foot-lights in mufti.

With Mexico United leading by about 10-0 at half-time, the second part of the game opened briskly when the home side kicked off against the tide at the Texas end. The General may have been a villain, but as a thrower of parties

local society owed him a good deal. His second was staged on a floating cabaret (in full and multi-coloured sail) on the Rio Grande. It was enough to make Cap'n Andy Hawkes of the *Cottonblossom* green with envy. Cabaret girls dressed as pirates performed variations on the hornpipe. Gringo girls in male evening-dress hit the deck with pep and precision. The Alexandre Oumansky Dancers toed the line in black and white. Miss Iris Kirk-White did a jazz toe-dance with prodigious skill and grace. Remembering the moonlight ballet of Act I, one complimented the General, M. Oumansky, and his Young Ladies on their artistic taste. This ballet and its executors are perfectly delightful, and Miss Jane Sels, the *première danseuse*, is enchanting.

I missed by two nights the second edition of *Rio Rita*, edited by Mr. Edgar Wallace, always "on the spot." Mr. Wallace, I gather, has imparted both zip and coherence to a story which seems to be a mixture of *Rose Marie*, *The Desert Song*, and other works of art too numerous to mention. Where we had Canadian Police in red coats, the blue shirts of the Texas Rangers, a corps of super-boy-scouts covered in revolvers, provide a suitable colour-note for a male chorus whose marching-song begins, "We're all pals together," and rhymes "law here" with "for here" with equal heartiness. Compared to Mr. Welchman's *Red Terror* of the Riffs, Mr. Gwyther's *Blue Boy* of the Pampas has few opportunities for deception or disguise. Jim's identity was revealed as early as Scene 2. Whether that was a mistake I hesitate to say. Such skilful collaborators as Messrs. Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson are entitled to a vote of confidence in such details of technique.

The love story is a pretty average cut off the romantic joint. Rita loves Jim till she discovers the real purpose of his incognito in time for the inevitable half-way misunderstanding. Even then she loves him—who wouldn't? Mr. Gwyther is an excellent lover and the nicest of singers—to the point of risking a dozen bullets from his rival's bodyguard.

There is no deception, needless to say, about Jim's love for Rita. Not for a paltry reward of 10,000 dollars did he assure her in song that life was sweeta and completa when Rio Rita (everybody

can hum this tune by now) was by his side. No unscrupulous policeman's ruse to bring a criminal to justice inspired the dreamy invitation of "If You're in Love You'll Waltz." Jim had no idea that Roberto was the Kin-kajou; nor, for that matter, had Roberto. Whether the real identity of the Kin-kajou—after Mr. Wallace's intervention stands where it did I don't know. But after *Broadway* and other thrillers my money is still

on Mr. Nedell, who, in spite of his warm coating of tan and the lack of that faultless evening dress which is the hallmark of villainy in the grand manner, showed the whites of his eyes and smoked cigars with damning effect.

The author's



MR. BERNARD NEDELL

There is nothing like a uniform to make a villain look his best, and Mr. Nedell, slickest of villains, is just the man to wear one

best stroke came last—the cutting adrift of the cabaret's moorings, which brought the offending parties to the Texas side and the grip of Gringo law. The humour showed no commensurate powers of invention. How much and how often you laugh must depend on how much and how often Messrs. George Gee and Leslie Sarony conform to your personal idiosyncrasies in the matter of comedians. There is a drinking scene where fire and smoke

issue from a bottle of ancient Aztec wine so potent that the consumers are smitten with the strangest facial and bodily contortions. This made the audience laugh immoderately, but not quite so im-

moderately as when Mr. Leslie Henson and Mr. Sydney Howard raised alcoholic ecstasy to its acme over a bowl of punch in *Funny Face*.

Mr. Gee is a lawyer specializing in divorce, who parts the newly-wed Mr. Sarony from Miss Rita Page the instant they arrive on their honeymoon. The deferred delights of this institution, plus bigamy, get their fair, or unfair, share of mirth. They always do. Miss Rita Page flops about in an engaging state of misery; Mr. Sarony dances neatly; Mr. Gee fools industriously; and Miss Edith Day is just our dear friend Rose Marie-ee-ee, with broken heart and broken English as before. Mr. Harry Tierney's music invites familiarity (film fans know all about it and the play already), and the scenery, dresses, and dances are "O.K. by me" as they say in Chicago's under-world.

"TRINCULO."



MR. GEORGE GEE AND MISS RITA PAGE

Breaking into a terpsichorean impression of a bull-fight after their duet, "I can speak

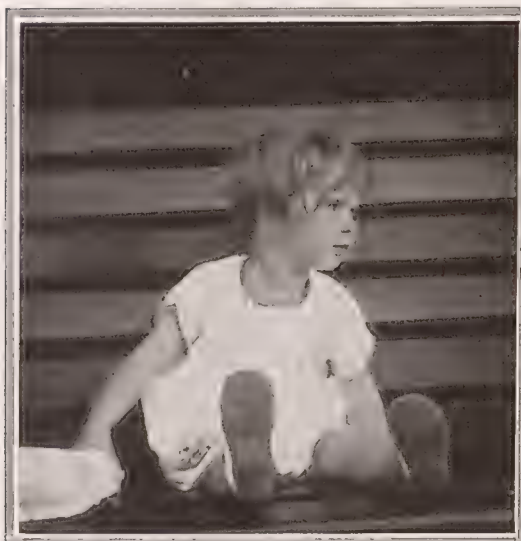
Espagnol." If bulls were as filleted as this one matadors would be on the dole



WONDERS WHETHER TO GO TO SLEEP OR NOT



HAS A LOOK ROUND FIRST



CATCHES SIGHT OF



HER FAVOURITE BALLOON



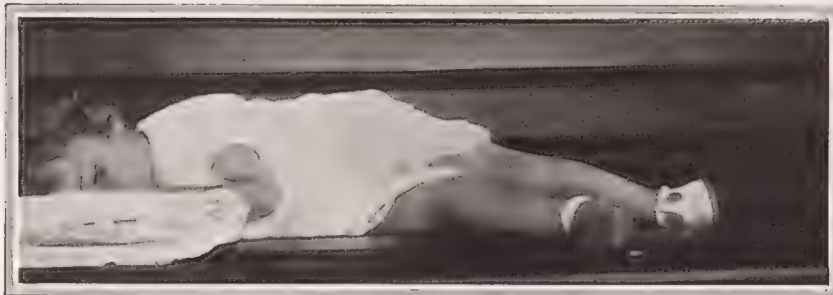
REALIZES LIFE IS VERY FUNNY



TOO SCREAMINGLY FUNNY



SUDDENLY FEELS A NAP IS NEEDED



GOES OFF

GOING NAP

A Nursery Game in Eight Stages



BLUE-BELL WOOD

By A. E. Bestall



THE BEGINNING

By C.

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained



ERS' GAME

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Prices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

Abdulla at the Carnival



THE VILLAGE FAIR

"Hearken, Good People! Elixirs and Simples,
 Nostrums and Spells, are sheer folly to buy.
 This is a Gift for a Maiden with dimples! . . .
 Sample my Wares—for no Cheap Jack am I.

Love is not won by an Alchemist's Potions—
 Here is the Incense of magical Charm.
 Prove yourselves dowered with up-to-date notions . .
 Purchase Abdullas—all Fragrance and Balm!"

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

• TURKISH •

EGYPTIAN

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English and

At Burlington House,
Leopardstown, and
Punchestown

Irish Faces



PRIVATE VIEWERS AT THE ACADEMY

Mr. Cecil Beaton, his two sisters, and Mr. J. M. Bulloch on the steps of Burlington House. The modern as against the older school of journalism is represented in this picture, Mr. Beaton having just entered the Fleet Street world of which Mr. Bulloch is such a distinguished figure. The private view of the Royal Academy's 162nd Exhibition brought the usual crush of notabilities. Mr. Ainley and his daughter, Biddy, made a point of having a look at Augustus John's fine portrait of Sir Gerald du Maurier, while Sir Godfrey Thomas, in a hurry and a bowler hat, saw as much as possible in a short time



IN HASTE: SIR GODFREY THOMAS



MR. HENRY AINLEY AND MISS AINLEY



SIR JOHN MULLENS AND
LADY BRIDGET PARSONS



LORD ELVEDEN, LADY HONOR GUINNESS,
AND LADY VERONICA BLACKWOOD



COUNT MCCORMACK AND
MRS. MORE-O'FERRALL

Vivian Poole, Dublin

Of these three pictures the one on the right was taken at Leopardstown races and the other two at Punchestown. Mrs. More-O'Ferrall is the wife of Mr. Dominic More-O'Ferrall of Kildangan Castle and the mother of one of Ireland's most successful young trainers, Mr. R. More O'Ferrall. Count McCormack, the famous tenor, is enthusiastic about most forms of sport and has lately killed several salmon on the water he has rented on the Slaney. Sir John Mullens, the well-known stockbroker, thoroughly enjoyed his recent visit to Ireland; with him in the snapshot is Lord Rosse's only sister. Lady Veronica Blackwood's brother, Lord Aya, recently became engaged to Miss Maureen Guinness, a first cousin of Lord Elveden and Lady Honor Guinness

Secret Service in Red Russia

By SIR PAUL DUKES



"My companion and I waded out through the rushes to the waiting boat"

CHAPTER VII.

THE reign of terror following the unsuccessful plots against the Soviet regime and the predicaments into which I had fallen in Russia sadly upset my work, my communications with the outside world, and my nerves. But the British Government had got wind of my difficulties, and orders were sent to the British forces in Finland to spare no efforts to rescue me.

My courier service having broken down, I had no word from abroad for several weeks. Few people succeeded in getting out of Russia and no one returned. At last one morning one

of my friends came to me excitedly and said a courier had arrived from Finland during the night. The courier was too afraid to enter a house, he said, and had got into touch with him by waiting about in the street since early morning. He was planning to return, to Finland that evening, and would wait for me in the little garden at the side of the Winter Palace at twelve o'clock.

It was my trustiest courier and friend, Peter S., a young N.C.O., who went over the frontier and back for me a dozen times, and who after I had finally left Russia still carried on this dangerous occupation to bring out some of my friends. The story he told me in the Winter Palace garden was strange indeed.

Various schemes, including aeroplanes and even a naval raid on Petrograd, had been suggested and discarded for getting me out of Russia. At last Lieutenant A. W. S. Agar, R.N., now Commander A. W. S. Agar, V.C. (he got the V.C. for sinking Bolshevik battleships in the Gulf of Finland), volunteered to dash right into the port of Petrograd to fetch me. The project appeared to be a mad one, particularly in the summer during the "white nights," when there was no possibility of running the gauntlet of the Cronstadt forts under cover of darkness. None the less it was what Agar proposed to do, and what he several times with amazing daring attempted, and if

the plan failed it was certainly through no fault of his. The incalculable element called luck was against us.

Peter had to tell me his story two or three times before I would believe it. Agar, he said, had embarked with him and a small crew on a new kind of naval motor-launch, used as U-boat chaser, built of very light material but with the most powerful motor-engine made. These launches flew over the surface of the water with incredible speed. Thus they had flown past Cronstadt, under fire from the forts, and arrived about a mile from the shore of the islands forming the delta of the River Neva.

At this point they had dropped overboard a skiff which they carried on their machine-gun emplacement. Peter had got into the skiff and rowed himself ashore as fast as two muscular arms could row him, had hidden the skiff in the bushes; and then made his way into the town as fast as two athletic legs could carry him.

The reports of the terror in Petrograd had been such that while Peter screwed up plenty of courage to run the gauntlet of the Cronstadt forts he certainly was not going to enter a Russian house. He was going right back to Finland that night, he said, and take me with him!

"How?" I asked.

"The same way I came," he replied. "We'll row out in the skiff at three a.m. to a spot one mile south of the Elagin lightship, and there the naval launch will come again and pick us up."

"You're not afraid of being hit? How fast does the boat go?"

"About fifty miles an hour."

But I shook my head and told Peter of my friend the doctor, who was still in the hands of the Tcheka.

"You'll have to go back alone," I said. "I'm sticking on here until he's let out."

So Peter went back alone, and I sat up all night, wondering whether he had met the launch. And when I heard distant firing out in the gulf it meant still more to me than had the booming of the guns as I lay in the cemetery.

The doctor was released from prison two weeks later—I have already related how. I was getting fatigued and nerve-racked although I succeeded in arranging a fairly tolerable mode of existence. For the first time I began to want to leave Russia.

Once more Peter arrived, a few weeks later.

The naval launch, he said, with the intrepid Agar at the helm, would return that day week if I stated that I could now leave. I would have to get a boat from anywhere I

(Continued on p. xii)



AUTHOR'S HOUSE
Marked with a "X" on the seashore near Petrograd

BRING YOUR IDEAL

to Elizabeth Arden



*Y*OUR ideal—you know her almost better than yourself. And she's a dangerous lady to have about the house. She stands beside you every day before your mirror—with her you compare your reflection—because of her you see every flaw. No woman should harbour such a depressing companion! Bring her to Elizabeth Arden.... entrust your problem to the skilful hands, the wise mind that have given so much beauty to women

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exercise and massage are changing that. A dangerous hint of relaxation about your cheeks or chin? The Ardena Firming Treatments are proving their worth. A depressing little smudge beneath your eyes or just general tonelessness? Miss Arden has a specific treatment for each and every one

Every day you will have one thing less to envy the woman you wish you were. Miss Arden's methods are so natural—so accurate, that clients who follow her faithfully need never accept less than genuine loveliness. Come to the Elizabeth Arden Salons.... let Miss Arden banish your shadowy rival once and for all. The marvel of it is that women everywhere can enjoy the benefits of the Salon method. Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale in the smartest shops throughout the world

For an appointment at the hour you prefer, please telephone Gerrard 0870

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MADRID

ROME



O'Brien
LADY OLIVIA CAVENDISH-BENTINCK,
LORD LEWISHAM, AND LADY LUCAN

At Carysville Fermoy, Co. Cork, where they are fishing the Duke of Devonshire's water. Lady Olivia Cavendish-Bentinck is a daughter of the late Lord Headfort, and married Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, the Duke of Portland's half-brother, in 1892. Lord Lewisham is Lord Dartmouth's son, and Lady Lucan was Miss Violet Spender-Clay before she married Lord Lucan.

THE reduction in the Bank Rate to the pre-war level is not, I regret to learn, to be followed by a similar reduction in the charge for things called "extras" at some of our leading educational establishments. In pre-war and for a portion, at any rate, of the post-Warre period at a place called Eton, the retail price of swishings used to be 5s. per the half-dozen. Then like other things after the war the price rose a full half-crown, and no reduction on taking a quantity was so much as suggested. Now that money is not so tight, and Mr. Snowden has not even touched the forestry or twig industry, surely . . . !

All this talk about whether it was better to put the "Mahatma" Gandhi inside or continue to allow him to travel the dusty length and breadth of Hindustan laying his poison trail as he goes, suggests to me that we might find a useful analogy in the case of a mad dog. Is it better to put this animal out of the way or to allow him to charge around biting other dogs and infecting them with his own hydrophobia? If, as we are assured may be necessary, all the white women and children may have to be evacuated from their present dwelling-places and placed for safety in various forts, I wonder if anyone at home who knows not what life in India in the hot weather is, understands what this may mean? The barrack accommodation is just about sufficient for the troops, and in some cases it may mean canvas. The summer temperature indoors in many places in India is quite capable of going up to 102 deg.; ice may not be as easily obtainable as under normal conditions, punkahs or buzz-fans impossible. These are a few little possibilities which are in the offing unless this nettle is firmly grasped at once, and the internment of the "Mahatma"—a title he bestowed upon himself—is followed by a definite indication that the limit of forbearance has been reached. The real danger spot is the North-West Frontier, where certain gentlemen are only waiting to see which way the cat is going to jump.

We are told quite often that to escape the terrible accusation of being considered Victorian—early, mid, or late—or Edwardian, we must cease to be good-mannered, and get it out of our heads that at one time people used to take their feathered hats off with a sweep, dust their boots with them, and then press

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

them against their tummies, bending as near double as, if they had bow-windows, circumstances would permit. Whether we believe it or not I suppose it must be right, and that we should try to practise how to be really brusque and plain-spoken. For instance, when arriving late at a theatre when the first Act is half through and your seat is in the centre of a row, instead of saying in a nervous whisper, "So sorry!" you should say, "Serve you right for having such beastly big feet, and no nice person has corns! Blast you!" Similarly at the breakfast meal, a difficult time for all of us as we know, you should never try to be polite, I suppose, even to your host and say, "Chip a bit of ham off for you, Algy, while I'm at it?" In these circumstances, unless he wants to be ticketed antediluvian, your host must reply, "Curse you, whose ham is it? Yours or mine? Mind your own blinkin' business and don't make a sanguinary ape of yourself!" That would definitely let him out on any accusation of being even mid-Victorian. Or again, if you meet someone who is not looking his (or her) best and feeling as if he (or she) had swallowed a pair of golf stockings, instead of saying, "My god-fathers, how well you are looking," or if of the female gender, "Have you just come back from Biarritz? (Lido—Harrogate—Aix interchangeable, according to season), never saw you looking so beautiful!" to be bang in front you must say, "My hat, what a filthy grog-blossom that is on your nose! You must have been bathing in it!" To the simple and rather over-done weather observations such as "Rippin' day!" or "Poisonous!" we should I think school ourselves into retorting, "Shut your head; you've got yellow teeth!" or simply "Rot! It's beastly (or jolly good)." If, again, you, or I, should say "Who's the old trout in the kit that looks as if they had chucked a salmon mayonnaise at it?" and the other chap says "Oh, I say, that's my wife!" instead of getting hot down the back and being apologetic about it, you—or I, as

(Continued on p. xvi)



O'Brien
LORD HENRY CAVENDISH-BENTINCK

Also fishing the Duke of Devonshire's water at Carysville. Lord Henry was originally in the Sherwood Foresters



THE DUKE OF LEEDS AND M. AND MADAME DE REUTERN

At the Country Club at Monte Carlo, the most comfortable place on the whole Riviera. The Duke of Leeds succeeded in 1927 on the death of his father, the famous Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron

On the road to progress



In matters of dress we have come a long way on the road to progress in the last thirty years, but in the matter of footwear, the majority of us are lagging a long way behind. Most of us are still wearing the distorting, uncomfortably - shaped shoes of a former and stiffer age. Only Cantilever wearers know the joys of walking in shoes that are made to conform to the ground plan of your feet. For Cantilever Shoes are modern, good looking, comfortable shoes. Like your

feet they have a 'straight inner line' which gives your toes the chance of maintaining their normal position. Ordinary shoes do not allow this. They push your big toes inwards, to squeeze, crowd and cramp the other toes and make your walking a perfect misery. But remember that a pair of Cantilevers will make your walking miles of smiles. Cantilever Shoes are made for women, children and men in a wide range of sizes. Go along and get fitted to-day. It's worth it.

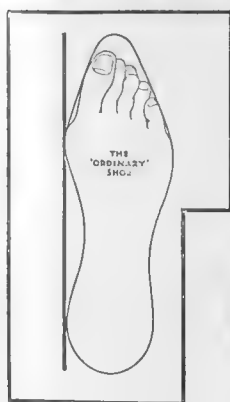
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Write for "Miles of Smiles," our free illustrated booklet explaining the Cantilever principle, and for the name of your nearest Cantilever Store:—

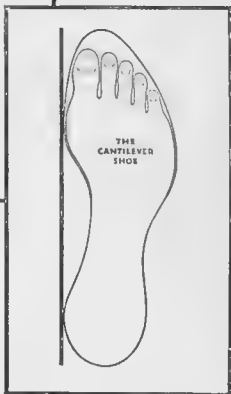
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Cantilever Shoes

for comfortable walking.



This diagram shows the ground plan of the ordinary shoe which forces the big toe out of position to squeeze, pinch and cramp the other toes. Note its unnatural distorting inner line.



This shows how the ground plan of the Cantilever Shoe allows ample toe room, giving thereby, easy, comfortable walking. Note its straight inner line.



MR. TOM DOUGLAS

The well-known American actor, who made a success in London in "Fata Morgana," and afterwards in New York in "Young Love," which was produced privately in London at the Arts Theatre with another actor in the part of the hero

Cecil Beaton

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A lady who was playing golf found to her chagrin that she was playing the wrong ball. "Why didn't you tell me I was playing the wrong ball?" she asked her caddie angrily. The caddie gave a contemptuous sniff. "Never thought you'd 'it it, Missus," he replied.

The golf novice was going round slowly and patiently, and as a climax his ball lodged in the fork of a tree. "What shall I take now?" he asked.

"Well," said his bored caddie with a yawn, "if I was you I should take poison."

"Do you want a plumber, lady?" asked the man with the tools.

"Do I want a plumber? I wrote last July," exclaimed the lady in indignation.

"Wrong house, 'Arry. Party we're lookin' for wrote larst May."



MISS NANCY PRICE

Sasha

Who gives us such a rich bit of character-acting as the heroine's mother in Mr. Ernest George's excellent East-end play, "Down Our Street," at the Vaudeville. Mr. Morris Harvey is Miss Nancy Price's opposite number—the father

A CERTAIN Irishman prided himself upon his delicacy and tact. One day when a boy was killed in the quarry where he worked he told the men to leave everything in his hands and he would break the news to the boy's mother in the best possible manner.

He went home, put on a black suit and tie, and started for the mother's house.

"Good mornin', ma'am," he said. "'Tis the sad accident ye boy's gold watch has met wid."

"Why," said the mother, "Tom never had a gold watch."

"Shure, an' that's lucky," said the diplomat, "for twinty tons uv rock just fell on him."

The magician was about to perform his greatest turn. "If some lady will come upon the stage," he announced, "I will stand her upon that pedestal and make her disappear."

Immediately a man got up from the audience. "I say, mister," he called out, "if you'll wait a minute, I'll buzz home and fetch the wife."

The magician, however, paid no attention to the man.

"I'll make her disappear and then bring her back again," he went on.

"Oh," sighed the interrupter, sitting down again, "if that's all I won't bother."

A teacher had been explaining with great patience the meaning of the word "miracle." Wishing to make sure that the lesson had got home, she asked, "Tommy, if a man fell from the top of a very high building and landed on a stone pavement unhurt, what would that be?"

"Fluke," said Tommy laconically.

"But supposing he did it again?"

"'Nother fluke."

"Well, Tommy, what would it be if he did it yet again?"

"'Abit."

"But couldn't you learn to love me?" pleaded the rejected suitor.

"Love you! I should want a job," replied the object of his affections, haughtily.

"Yes," replied the young man with bitter irony, "I am afraid you are too old to learn."

Two friends had been dining out, and as they motored home in the dark the car took such a zigzag course that the road seemed scarcely wide enough. The driver was quite serene but his friend was not, and said so. Just then they were approached by a huge car showing brilliant head-lights. The man who was driving said, "You shay I'm not fit to drive, ol' man. Don't you believe it. You just see me shteer this ol' bus between thoshe two lights!"



FOWLER AND TAMARA

Sasha

The wonderful dancers in C. B. Cochran's "1930 Revue" at the London Pavilion, which looks as if it would carry on till they have to alter the date to 1931

DEWAR'S

WONDERFUL

ASHLEY



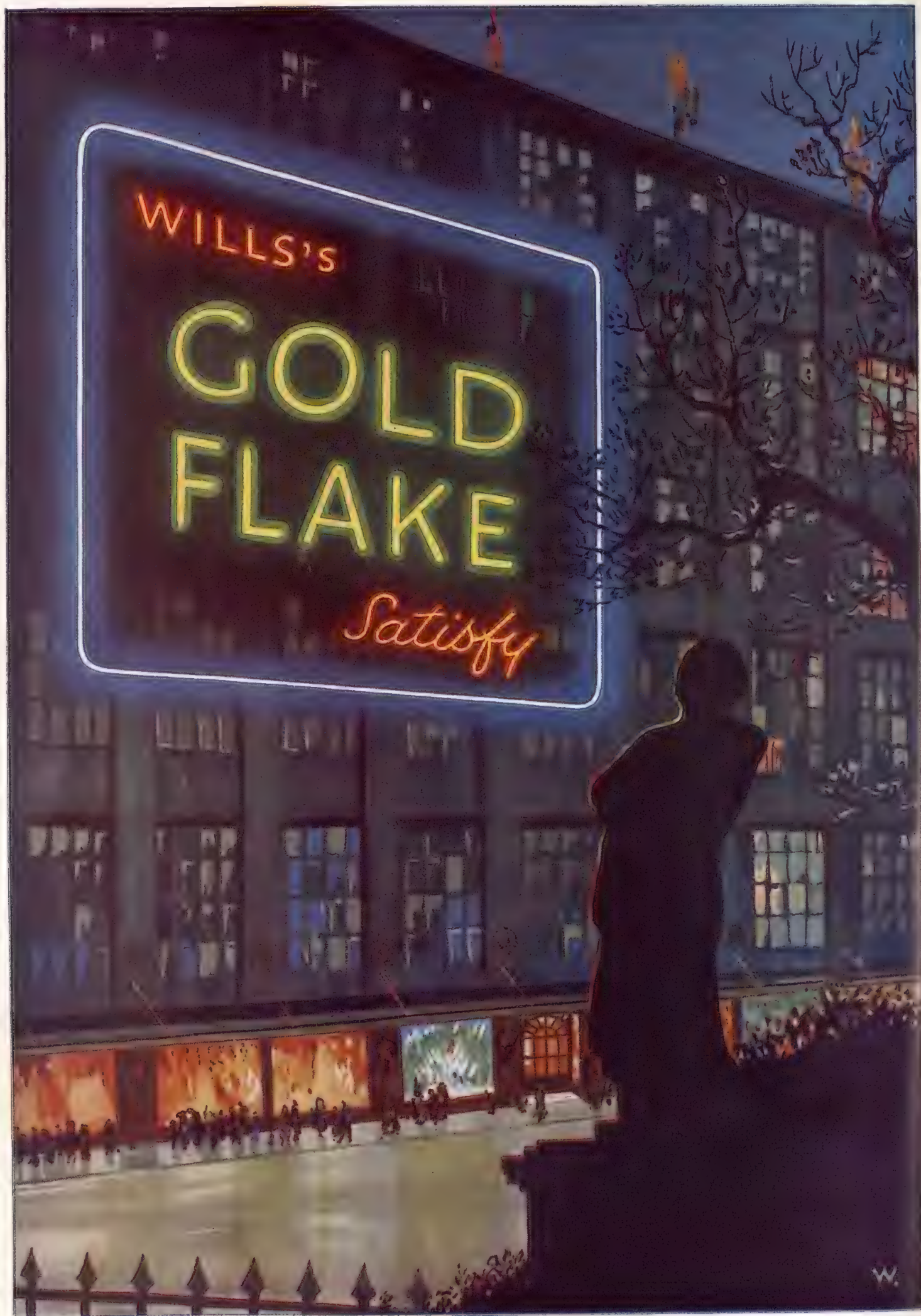
WHISKY-

"White Label"

ALSO

THE DE LUXE WHISKY-

'VICTORIA VAT'





"'My wife—delicate,' he whispered; 'on no account must you waken her'"

THE CROOK. By M. N. Thomas

AS Samuel Snell flicked the remains of beer from his lips with one hand and fingered a thin florin in his pocket with the other, he decided that the time had come for him again to take to business.

A window-cleaner by profession, he had one day seen in the house where he was cleaning a grey handbag lying on the Chesterfield. He had opened it and found a case containing a wad of notes. He had removed about two-thirds—a matter of £20—slipped down his ladder, and nipped round to the door to be paid.

When the mistress appeared with the bag in her hand he had a moment of misgiving, but she smiled almost benignly as she paid him the 4s. 10d.—"twenty-nine windows inside and out at 2d. each"—and asked him to come again the following month as usual.

Hurrying down the street he congratulated himself on having left some notes in the wallet. Any other chap, he considered, would have taken all, and so in the end lost everything, but he was different, he was smart. There was no doubt about that.

Next day he sold his barrow, ladders, buckets, and "beat" to a young disabled seamen and left the town. There was nothing to keep him there and a great deal to make him leave.

In the next town he elected to visit he found life very pleasant. It was so cosy to sit in a nice warm bar-room, get chatty with a mate over a glass, and then doze. But he found his money disappeared with startling rapidity.

Then one day he came upon a new suburb. Rows upon rows of prim bungalows with red roofs stretched as far as the eye could see. Each stood in its own small plot of garden, most of them had garages, and the nicest had perambulators standing under-

neath the dining-room window in the morning. Some wag had once said that the bungalows at Bingleton looked like the garages and the garages looked like the meat-safes, but the people who lived in them were quite content. They were for the most part unsuspecting "Newly Weds," and the only drawback to their tiny homes was that they were painfully easy, even for a clumsy person like Samuel Snell, to burgle. He only needed to break the pane of a glass door or window, to insert his big hand and turn the key, or lift the catch from the inside.

A series of alarming "Daring Daylight Robberies" spread throughout Bingleton and struck terror in the hearts of mothers and sisters and wives. First one bungalow was robbed, then another, and he was never caught. It was more by good luck than by anything else that he managed to escape detection, but he told himself it was pure and simple skill. When he became bleary with beer he wanted to brag about it, to show the barmaid and those johnnies lounging against the counter what a fine fellow he was, but he always contrived to withstand the temptation, and complimented himself next day on his discretion.

He decided at last that Bingleton was becoming too dangerous and retired to Larchester, where, having a full pocket, life flowed by smoothly and easily.

But now he was down to bed-rock again, with only a florin between him and uncompromising destitution. After having lived off the flesh-pots in respectable lodgings with daily visits to the comfortable bar-room of the Black Bull, his soul revolted at the thought of spending his days aimlessly walking the streets and his nights in the Hosanna Hostel for Homeless Men.

But if he had grown fastidious with leisure, he had also grown inexpressibly lazy. That was why he made up his mind that he must do something really big this time—bungalows were

(Continued on p. xxvi)

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

"The Bad Master."

NO one can pretend that it is very pleasant to open one's newspaper and to read how three helpless women motorists have been burnt to death, particularly when within the next dozen hours another item recounts

how yet another has met a similarly terrible fate. There have not been very many such fires, although there have certainly been too many, for such things never ought to have a chance of occurring at all. The occasion does not perhaps justify one in launching a diatribe against the scuttle tank or the tank that is under the bonnet. Nevertheless I have never liked this system, which would never be used were it not that every means has nowadays to be exploited to get down costs of production. I always prefer to think that the

main supply of the juice is well behind me, for in this situation it is well away from hot exhaust pipes, chance sparks from the magneto, and carburettors conflagrated by back-fires.

Moreover the back of a car rarely gets badly damaged. The rear petrol tank, besides being open to the air, can be well protected by such things as buffers, spare wheel, and luggage grids. *Per contra*, if it is anywhere in front, with nothing but sheet metal to fend it from accidental attack, it is easy enough for it to be holed or burst. Let a couple of flaming gallons of spirit get instantly loose, and it is obvious enough that something serious is going to happen, something in fact that is quite beyond control even if a chemical extinguisher is at hand. I have not the

least doubt that our car-makers, who give so much in the way of equipment at such amazingly modest prices, will soon be able to put "tank to rear, with positive pump feed to carburetter" amongst the items of the specification. When they do so we shall be able to say that the fire risk has been elimin-

ated so far as it is humanly possible for it to be eliminated. Kindly note that I am not in the least imputing blame to any car-manufacturer for continuing to use a plain gravity feed. He gives the public what the public wants, and if the public is satisfied with this arrangement it is the public's own look-out. What the motorist must do is to indicate in some unmistakable manner that in the matter of fuel supply schemes he demands Safety First principles and will not tolerate anything else, and you can be pretty sure that

what is necessary will be duly provided. Now in what I am about to write I do not in the least wish to suggest that I know all the details of the two painful tragedies to which I have

alluded, but I must still say that I regard, always have regarded, and shall continue to regard as a source of the most dreadful danger those bluff, rigid, high kerbs that it is now the fashion to use as the borders of main and secondary roads. In the old days—I am here referring to what was happening only a few years ago—cars were much higher off the ground and far less stable and controllable than they are to-day. Yet it was very very rare to hear of them turning over—and it is in these conditions that the fire risk principally obtrudes itself. But, bless you, nowadays such a

(Cont. on p. xviii)



MR. AND MRS. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE ABOARD THE S.Y. "ETHLEEN"

A recent snapshot when the S.Y. "Ethleen," 485 tons, was lying off Cannes. She is named, of course, after Mrs. Grahame-White, who is more familiar, perhaps, to her large public as Miss Ethel Levey. Mr. Claude Grahame-White needs no more introduction than his charming wife, for his name stands for aviation and high-speed motor-boats



LADY MARY MURRAY AND LORD FINCASTLE

At Ludlow 'Chases the day Tom Coulthwaite, who is retiring, trained one of his last winners, Lord Ednam's Cherry Duck, who won the Hunters' 'Chase. Lord Fincastle and his sister are Lord and Lady Dunmore's son and daughter



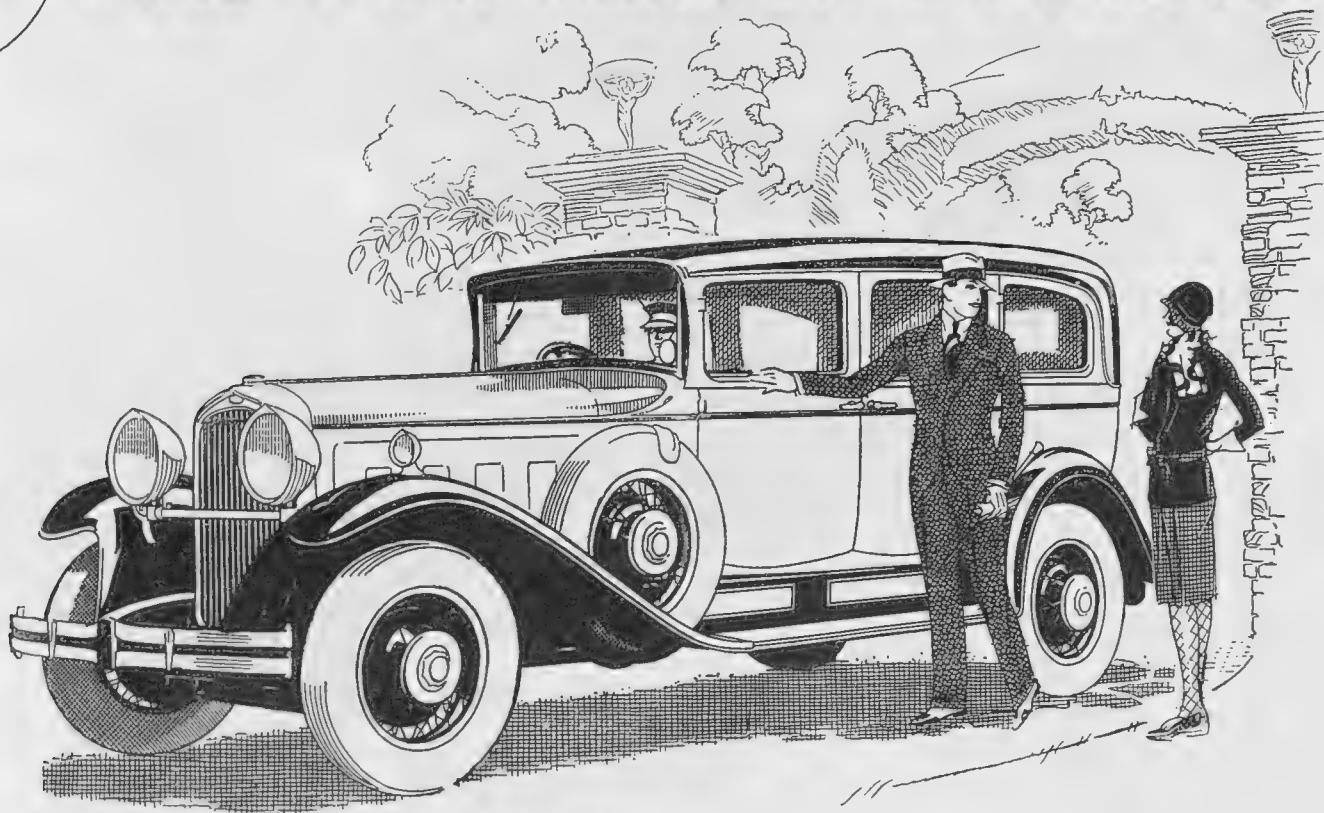
LORD AND LADY FORESTER

Also at the Ludlow Spring 'Chasing Meeting, which was run in moderately good weather and in good going. One of Lord Forester's seats, Broseley, is in Shropshire. He was formerly a captain in the Blues

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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"My Marmon is now in its 20,000 miles and throughout my thirty-one years of driving experience, this is the first car which has never been stopped for mechanical reasons," writes Mr. S. B. D. H., of London, N.W.3. "It is about two years old and apart from being decarbonised, it has never been touched. I am a terrible grumbler when things go wrong, but I might as well give praise when and where it is due"

(An extract from one of many letters of appreciation, any of which may be seen on application.)

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MARMON

EIGHT - CYLINDER CARS



A few words from the Captain: Miss Glenna Collett addressing her team before they tried conclusions with England in an unofficial International at Sunningdale

IT really is unfortunate the way all the plums ripen in the same week. Here is a poor, earnest journalist longing to tell the world all about how Mrs. Soulby, a 10-handicap but apparently a fine player, won the Lancashire championship, Miss Wragg the Yorkshire, Miss Tate the Northumberland, Miss V. Bramwell the Gloucester, Miss Harley the Herts, Mrs. Guedalla the Middlesex, Miss Archer the Sussex, Miss Morgan the Kent, Mrs. Atherton the Surrey, Mrs. Antliff the Beds, Miss Cave the Berks, but it cannot be done, because everybody combines to say, "Now what about the match against the Americans at Sunningdale? Was it fun? How good really are they?"

So there is nothing for it but to sit down and answer those questions. As to the first question, fun indeed it was. A bit too much of the cinema, talkie, and all the rest of it at the beginning, thought those who cannot quite see why private individuals, going out to play a nice little game of golf, should be forced to provide entertainment for thousands who wish to frequent "the pictures," but when all that was cleared out of the way and the players were at last permitted to get on to the tee it was a fine day's golf played in the very best and most sporting spirit.

Then as to the real goodness of the Americans' golf. There is not the slightest doubt about it they are extremely good, and that is not said from a wish to please our guests (though that might be a sufficient reason), nor as an excuse before it happens for those British golfers whom some of them will undoubtedly slaughter up at Formby this week. They had only come off the *Berengaria* two days before; many of them have not been able to play all winter, and were therefore very short of practice; our atmosphere is so different that the judging of distances is no easy matter; our greens are so much faster—and Sunningdale's that day were fast for anybody—that it was a marvel how they adapted themselves to the changed conditions. If they can do that then what will they be doing in our championship? That is the real question arising out of Sunningdale. You could not watch any of them swing a club without feeling that they had studied the question, and had evolved and

Foursomes was none too good a start for the side, and not long before lunch it had looked as if we must be down; two down at the 12th in the afternoon for Miss Gourlay herself did not look too healthy either, with Miss Collett playing splendidly and Miss Gourlay just a little below her best. But from that moment Miss Gourlay played as well (or better) as she has ever done in all her life. She was consistently out-driving Miss Collett (which either means that

Miss Gourlay has lengthened out of all recognition or that Miss Collett was not quite hitting hers, but the effect in any case was valuable); her shots up to the hole were masterly, her putting beyond reproach. She had gone out in 39; she came home in 36; Miss Collett, too, was round in 75, though actually beaten one up. It was a very great performance. And with Miss Wilson, Miss McCulloch, Miss Pearson, Miss Park, and Miss Fishwick, all winning too, there were the singles won by 6 to 4, America's winners being Miss Orcutt, Mrs. C. S. Hill, best of putters, Mrs. Hanley who shared that tribute, and Miss Fordyce.

The delightful dinner given at the Savoy by Mr., Mrs., and Miss Dorothy Pearson was a great finish to a great day.

Miss Helen Hicks and Mrs. Lee Mida, two doughty members of Miss Collett's American team. Miss Hicks' hard hitting and Mrs. Mida's supercharged stockings were features of the day's players at Sunningdale



Mrs. Lockhart, President of the Northumberland L.G.C., presenting the Championship Cup to Miss Tate, who beat the holder, Mrs. Percy (right), by 5 and 4 in the final. Miss Tate reached the semi-final round last year, while Mrs. Percy has been champion four times in the last five years. They are both members of Alnmouth

Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

adopted sound methods with it; more all moulded to one pattern maybe than one sees in any British team, but none the worse for that if the pattern is right. Miss Collett in particular moves the club as well or better than ever; Miss van Wie has another fine style, not altogether unlike Miss Wethered's; "hard-hitting Helen" does really hit the ball a joyous crack.

To Miss Gourlay herself and her team, any amount of credit must be given for that victory. All square at lunch-time on the



Is

SKIN

STARVATION

DESTROYING

YOUR

LOOKS?

Cyclax Skin Food for normal skins, Cyclax Special O Skin Food for dry skins, Cyclax Baby Skin Food for super-sensitive skins, 4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-. Obtainable from all good stores, hairdressers and chemists. Ask too for the Cyclax booklet "The Art of Being Lovely" which tells you all about the wonderful Cyclax Beauty Preparations.



Under-nourishment is the greatest enemy of your skin. If your skin is starved, it withers like a plant without water. It begins to look dry and dead, it loses its bloom, it shrivels and wrinkles. Feed the cells of your skin properly, replenish its natural oils, and there is no reason why it should ever wrinkle at all.

Cyclax Skin Food is the one successful way to combat skin-starvation. When Mrs. Hemming, after years of experiment, blended Cyclax Skin Food thirty years ago, she found a formula as near nature's own nourishment as it was possible to get. For Cyclax Skin Food is no ordinary face cream. It is based on a well thought-out scientific formula. The oils it contains supply just the elements the skin most needs in the form it can assimilate. It builds up the cells, replenishes the oil supply, feeds the tissues and acts as an astringent for the skin. It is delightful to use: smooth, creamy, fragrant. It shows definite results after a week's use, though of course it must be persevered with to produce its full and final effect.

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MISS AMY JOHNSON

The intrepid young lady of twenty-two who left last week on a solo flight to Australia in an attempt to beat Bert Hinckler's record. All the world wishes her well

as the daytime is concerned, the top hat begins to fade and the horrific and heterogeneous head-gear that has been evolved for the various out-of-door and more or less violent activities of modern man and woman, including the activity of flying, blossoms in its stead. Good-bye then to the dark glint of the multitudinous polished pot, and welcome in its place the unobtrusive, all-weather felt, the leather helmet of the air pilot (and the owner of the smaller kind of motor bicycle), the rubber head-mould of the bathing beauty, the panama of the business man bent on defeating his abdomen, the cap of the straight-eight motorist, and the very different cap of the cricketer. The bather, the tennis player, the cricketer, the flyer now hold the field, and their fashions are for the time being everyone's fashions.

Those wishing to keep pace with the mode will do well to discard all their head-gear except their flying helmets. And indeed they will not have much time for wearing anything else because there are so many aerial events taking place that there are no intervals for changes of costume. Not a moment goes by without some new air pageant appearing in the field of vision and future historians will refer to this year of Air Pageants (1930). We have had a pageant at Shoreham planned with the absolute competence of long aeronautical experience by Wing-Commander Pretymann, one at the marvellous Country Club at Parnham, where Mr. Symondson agreed to give an aerobatic display in his all-black machine, one at Sherburn by the Yorkshire Club of N.F.S., and this week we are to have one at Brooklands, where a flying club is to be opened in addition to the school. Then on the 31st there is the big bang at Bristol, a genuine 15-in. pageant of the Hendon type. And so they "continue on until the final conclusion," ample evidence that the time of the formal function is over, and that it has been replaced by the free out-door event. With their wing-walking, parachute drops, races, and aerobatics, the 1930 pageant perpetrators may claim to be the inventors of perpetual emotion.

Academical Hats.

The Royal Academy is an unfailing fertilizer of the top hat, that gloomy bloom of super-civilization, and the flowers that bloom in Burlington House tra la, vie even with Mr. Telkamp's exquisite blubs in richness. (Mr. Telkamp's blubs are superior to the common or garden bulb.) At the private view the display of top hats was exceptionally fine. From now on, however, so far

as the daytime is concerned, the top hat begins to fade and the horrific and heterogeneous head-gear that has been evolved for the various out-of-door and more or less violent activities of modern man and woman, including the activity of flying, blossoms in its stead. Good-bye then to the dark glint of the multitudinous polished pot, and welcome in its place the unobtrusive, all-weather felt, the leather helmet of the air pilot (and the owner of the smaller kind of motor bicycle), the rubber head-mould of the bathing beauty, the panama of the business man bent on defeating his abdomen, the cap of the straight-eight motorist, and the very different cap of the cricketer. The bather, the tennis player, the cricketer, the flyer now hold the field, and their fashions are for the time being everyone's fashions.

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MR. AND MRS. NORMAN HOLDEN
AND MR. HORDERN

At the Hanworth Aerodrome. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Holden fly a Saunders-Roe Cutty Sark Amphibian and have their own private aerodrome near Selsey Bill. Mr. Hordern is their pilot

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Lord Wakefield.

But outdoor events are not the only ones to be noted in the flying world. To-morrow there is the banquet to Lord Wakefield, to be given by the aeronautical bodies who have received so much benefit from his generosity. To that banquet everyone in the air world must go as a tribute to aviation's most splendid champion. One can perhaps conceive of *Hamlet* with out the Prince of Denmark. Mr. R. C. Sheriff seems to think the idea a good one, but one cannot conceive of aviation without Lord Wakefield of Hythe.

On the whole it is fortunate that this year there are rather fewer banquets and more pageants than usual, for sometimes in former years the strain of incessant eating has become intolerable. There are some liverish ones who cherish their ailments and who would be without conversation if it were not for their gout or their rheumatics. Of such I say (with suitable apologies to the poet) that all the world loves a liver. But there are limits to the eating which even these professional invalids can stand, and in the world of aeronautics that limit has sometimes been closely approached.

Aerodrome Regulations.

If this present year is not to be marred by crashes and collisions, it is urgent that Royal Air Force aerodromes should be required to conform to the regulations laid down for civil aerodromes. As flying becomes more and more popular the number of aeroplanes wandering about the country becomes increasingly great, and it is essential that the risks of collision and of crashes on landing should

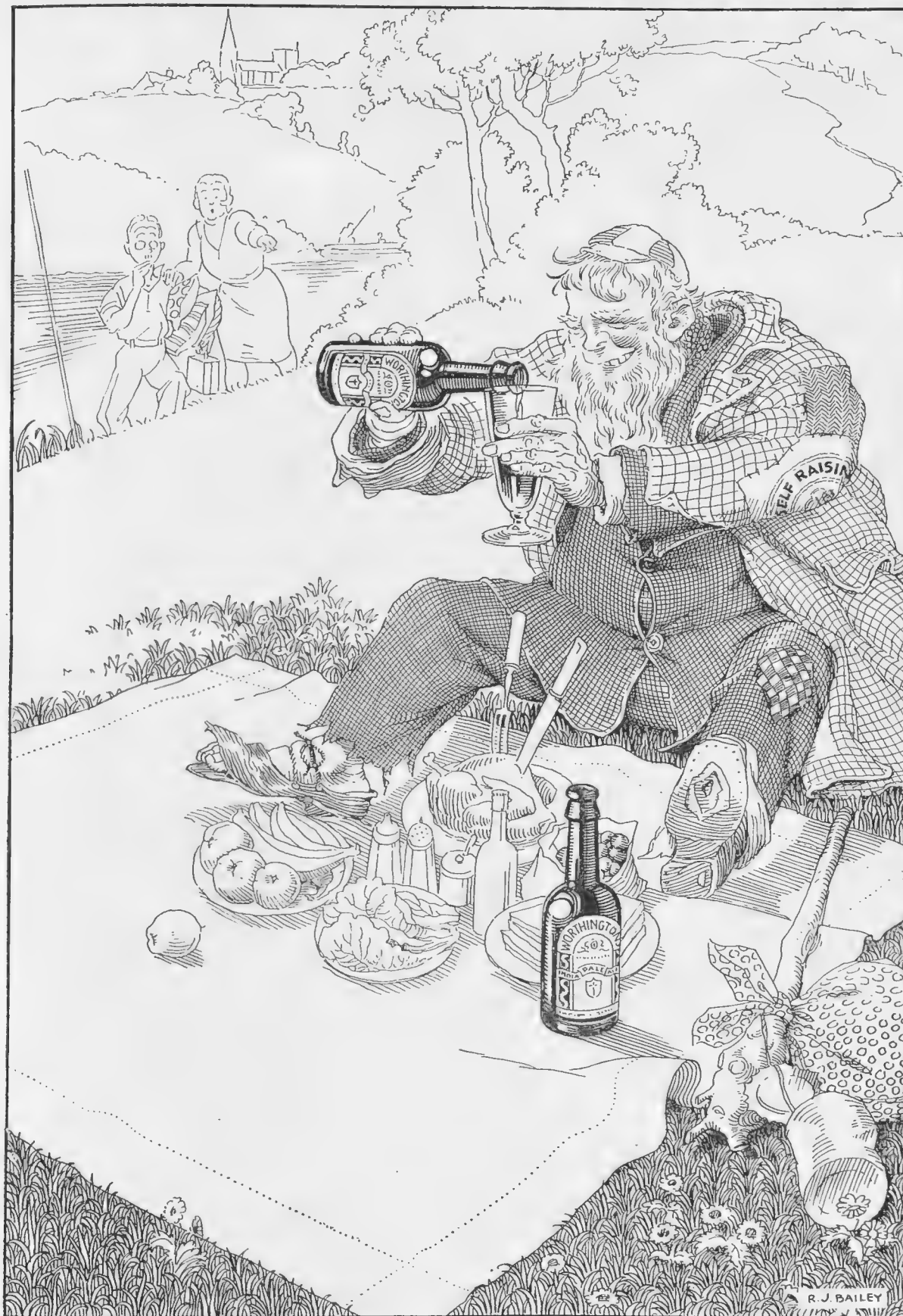
F. King & Co.
CAPTAIN NORMAN BLACKBURN
AND FLIGHT-LIEUT. WOODHEAD

At the opening of the Liverpool Aero Club last week. The machine in the picture alongside of which they are standing is a Blackburn Bluebird

be reduced to the minimum. Yet at present the aerodrome regulations at R.A.F. and civil stations differ. Until quite lately there has been a rule at all R.A.F. aerodromes that the directions of the circuits to be flown are decided by the commanding officer, and are signalled to pilots by the hoisting of a red or a blue flag. Red was for left-handed circuits and blue for right. Few pilots knew of this rule—fewer know that it has been altered, and that single-seater fighters now fly left-hand circuits, while night bombers fly right-hand circuits. The left-hand circuit is standard at all civil aerodromes according to the Air Navigation Convention. Again, there is liable to be confusion in the landing arrangements.

(Continued on p. xviii)

Play Titles bottled by Worthington



THE MAN IN POSSESSION

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



This simple wrapper from Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W., has met with an enthusiastic welcome. It is carried out in pale pink crêpe de chine and is enriched with lace. (See p. ii)

shoes are green. Margaret Lindsay Williams has painted Mrs. R. A. Gibbs as "Donna Mariana of Austria," by Velasquez; the stiff dress of that period is in striking contrast to those of to-day; there is however a link, and that is the importance of accentuating a colour note; there are touches of red at the wrists, which are repeated in the hair by the means of flowers.

Touches that Tell.

The portraits this year in the Academy are interesting on account of the details, or rather the touches that tell, and there is no doubt about it that jewellery is more important than ever, diamonds, pearls, and emeralds being well represented. For instance, Gerald Kelly has depicted Mrs. Leslie Hamilton in a lobelia-blue chiffon dress; her necklace is of jade and diamonds, while her rings and bracelets are of emeralds and diamonds; in her hand she carries a pink handkerchief which is just the same shade as her enamelled nails. An important feature of "Jane XXX," by the same artist, from a fashion point-of-view, is that her sapphire and diamond necklace is caught with a miniature cravat bow of blue ribbon, her blue coat trimmed with white fox is falling off her shoulders, and her hair is converted into a chignon at the nape of the neck. G. Spencer Watson shows Kathleen Stenning smoking a cigarette; she has a blue dress with red coat, her necklace being of the same shade as the latter.

Fashion Hints in the Academy Portraits.

EVERYONE is interested in the Academy, and women especially in the fashions that are portrayed. The artists have this year with one accord refrained from depicting full-length figures—of course, there are a few exceptions—they rather have given their attention to jewellery, and they have



Natural-coloured hemp strewn with felt spots makes the hat on the left. It comes from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, and so does the straw hat on the right. It is quite soft and may be rolled for travelling. (See p. ii)

realized that there is nothing more flattering than fur. In David Jagger's portrait of the Queen she is wearing a softly-draped blue velvet wrap enriched with sable; a single row of pearls and stud ear-rings complete the scheme. Among the full-length portraits is "Pauline," by H. James Gunn; the dress is of white satin, the tiered skirt being relieved with net; the slightly higher waist-line is emphasized, and the

is of white satin, and by her side is a Victorian bouquet.

Flowers and Fan Harmonize.

Maurice Greifenhagen has accentuated the colour of the fan carried by Mrs. Cecil Sprigge with a bowl of red camellias on a table at her side; her dress is of printed chiffon. Glyn Philpot, in his portrait of Lady Baron, has subtly expressed the power of harmony; she has assumed a pearl necklace with bracelets and rings of emeralds and diamonds; the foliage of her floral spray exactly matches the emeralds.

Mrs. E. D. Morgan, jun., has been painted by W. G. de Glehn wearing a blue wrapper and a sapphire ring.

(Continued on p. ii)

Gloves and Pearls.

The Dowager Countess of Airlie in her portrait by Oswald Birley wears ropes of pearls that are sure to be the envy of every woman, and so will those that are worn by Annie, Viscountess Cowdray; her picture is by John M. Aiken; an effective new note is introduced in the dress by small handkerchief draperies at the base of the *décolletage* and at the waist. Miss Doris Jack (who has been painted by her father) gives the impression of being the most perfectly groomed woman in the Academy; her tresses, parted on one side, are endowed with graceful undulations, not a hair is out of place; she wears large diamond ear-rings, a rope consisting of innumerable strands of seed pearls caught here and there, with large beads of the same shade as her red coat. All who have among their treasures necklaces and other ornaments of chip coral must study Miss Barbara Wodsworth's picture by A. Stuart-Hill, as her coiffure ornament as well as her necklace and bracelets are made of the same; her dress



Anne Boleyn is the name of this house-frock; it is an adaptation of a gown worn by this Queen. It is of old-world brocade, and has been designed and carried out by that well-known artist in dress, Gene Glenny, 128, New Bond Street, W. (See p. ii)

THE THREE HALVES OF A HEALTHY MOUTH



$\frac{1}{2}$ a tumbler of water



$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoon of Milton



$\frac{1}{2}$ hour while you dress

will keep your false teeth spot-
less, germ-free — your mouth
clean and fresh — all day long.

MILTON

CLEANS FALSE TEETH

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The Bride's Dream Dress.

Everyone was very interested in the lovely fashions that Geene Glenny showed at the opening of her salons at 128, New Bond Street, W. The wedding dress was applauded; there are no other words with which to describe it than a "perfect dream." The frock itself was of pale pink chiffon, such a wondrous shade; the corsage was plain and the skirt full, and then the train, it was not a cold white but rather a warm, that is to say that it had a suggestion of pink in its composition; as the bride swiftly passed it appeared to be enriched with the old-world darning and embroidery strewn with crystals; the bridal veil was held in position with a coronet of wild roses. The bridesmaid's dresses were artistic studies in pink and white. A dignified satin Court dress had a train of real lace, and after all is said and done there is nothing more beautiful. There were also veritable triumphs of the dressmaker's art suitable for all occasions.

Period House-frocks.

Geene Glenny has given to the world just what women were seeking although they were not quite sure what it was; it is a house-frock that may appropriately be worn between the hours of 4 and 10 p.m. The fount of inspiration are the dresses worn by well-known historical characters; they are 10½ guineas. Illustrated on p. 334 is the Anne Boleyn model; it is carried out in old-world brocade and chiffon—note the gold lace collar. For a debutante nothing could be more charming than the Nell Gwynne model. Neither must Lady Jane Grey, Catherine of Aragon, and Mrs. Siddons be overlooked. Of course any dress of any period could be reproduced. Geene Glenny will be delighted to show her collection of period frocks to readers of this paper.

Hats at Pleasant Prices.

As the matching vogue becomes more and more pronounced the number of hats required is increasing. Appreciating this fact, the Army and Navy Stores are making a feature of the same for 12s. 11d. This is the cost of the model on the right on p. 334; it is carried out in a very soft straw and is available in a variety of modish colours. As will be seen, there is a narrow brim which is edged with ribbon, the crown being encircled with it. For the same price there are cloche hats in soft straw trimmed with ribbon. Illustrations of the same appear on a folder which would gladly be sent gratis and post free. The other hat, pictured on p. 334, is a copy of a Patou model; it is of natural-coloured hemp straw strewn with felt

spots, and of it one may become the possessor for 29s. 6d. Furthermore there are stitched hemp straw hats for 18s. 11d., while shady affairs of Yowa straw are 25s. 9d. It seems almost unnecessary to add that there is a splendid collection of model hats.

Fascinating Wrappers.

It is always a genuine pleasure to visit the outfitting department of Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street, W. It is there that the wrapper illustrated on p. 334 may be seen; it is of shell-pink crêpe de chine, and although it is generously

trimmed with lace, it is available for 6½ guineas. There are many variations on this theme at equally pleasant prices. Breakfast scarf wraps in the softest of wool are 2s. 11d.; the ends form simuli-sleeves caught in at the wrists. Furthermore there are cotton bathing-wraps made in a variety of colour schemes for 3s. 11d. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that full-length Japanese kimonos are 4s. 6d., and shadow-proof Japanese silk tennis petticoats, 38 in. from shoulders with inverted pleats, are 10s. 11d.

For the Children.

And then there are such fascinating things for the children at Robinson and Cleaver's. At the moment they are making a feature of knickers for boys from one to four for 2s. 11d.; they are of linen and are available in natural and mid-saxe shades; neither must it be overlooked that there are shirts for wearing with them for 4s. 6d. Then for little girls there are floral tobranco frocks with knickers for 8s. 11d.; they are in 16- and 18-in. sizes and are finished with pockets.

Completely Metamorphosized.

The well-known establishment of H. J. Nicoll and Co., 120, Regent Street, W., has been completely metamorphosized, and everyone who visits this establishment must admit that the changes are all for the good. Now it is possible to equip the wardrobe in a highly satisfactory manner here. There is lingerie, day and evening dresses, hats, etc., all at prices which are compatible with the new Budget. There are felt and straw hats from 17s. 6d., and summer frocks from £2 2s., and ready-to-wear coats and skirts from 4½ guineas. Further details of just what the firm is doing may be found in the illustrated catalogue, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free. It is a veritable mine of information on fashions for the summer.

A Much-to-be-desired Ensemble.

It must not for a moment be imagined that H. J. Nicoll have neglected their true tailored suits and wraps, as the reverse is the case. Their enviable reputation is sure to be increased this season. Who would not desire to own the ensemble pictured on this page? It is 12 guineas, carried out in fine check Saxony; it would look well in a variety of other fabrics, patterns of which, together with self-measurement forms, will gladly be sent on application. The dress has long sleeves and is reinforced with an adjustable piqué vest, useful pockets, and plaited belt. The scheme is completed with a smart coat reinforced with a cape. It is impossible for a sketch or words to do justice to this ensemble; it may with justice be labelled a gilt-edged investment.



AN ENSEMBLE OF DISTINCTION

Carried out in checked Saxony. The dress is arranged with a white piqué vest, patch-pockets, and plaited belt, while the coat is reinforced with a becoming cape. At H. J. Nicoll and Co.'s, 120, Regent Street, W.



LOUD CHEERS!
it's an 'ivory' tip!

The purest of tips, the smoothest
of tips—where will you find it ex-
cept on those divine De Reszkes?



DE RESZKE

VIRGINIAS 10 FOR 6d. 20 FOR 1/-

If you smoke Turkish, ask for
DE RESZKE 'TURKS'
20 for 1/-

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

SUN
HATS

Wide are the brims of the hats created for fashionable functions. These veritable triumphs of the milliner's art may be seen in the salons of Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W. The simple affair above is carried out in baku straw finished with navy-blue ribbon, while the one below is of green hemp straw, the wreath which festoons the crown being of velvet and glass flowers; the weight is insignificant



Simplicity is the characteristic feature of the chef d'œuvre above. It is of hemp lined and trimmed with georgette. Stitched linen and baku in lovely beige and green shades share honours in the one below



Black and shell-pink velvet ribbon has been used by Woollands to trim the hat above. It is carried out in black pedal straw



BRADLEYS

All "Bradley" Furs
are now marked
at

SPECIAL
SUMMER
PRICES

Our Buyers have just returned from another visit to Paris, where they have chosen a large number of models in Gowns, Suits, Wraps, Hats, etc., designed on the new lines which have proved acceptable to the world of feminine fashion. These Models are now being displayed in our Salons: orders for Ascot should be placed without delay.

Bradleys
Chepstow Place^{LD}
London, W.2.
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.



FIGHTERS ON THE FAIRWAY



AT THE ARMY GOLFING SOCIETY'S MEETING: Left to right—MR. J. V. C. MOBERLEY, MR. H. R. BEAUCHAMP, MR. ROBERT MAXWELL, LIEUT.-COLONEL H. A. BOYD, MAJOR GORDON BARRY, GENERAL SIR ROBERT WHIGHAM, AND MAJOR-GENERAL WAUCHOPE

The Army Society's six-day meeting, held at Prestwick, included contests for various challenge cups by teams of serving and retired officers as well as the Army Individual Championship and the General's Cup. The latter was won for the fourth time by Major-General A. G. Wauchope, G.O.C. Northern Ireland District, and General Sir Robert Whigham, G.O.C. Eastern Command, was a semi-finalist in this event. Mr. J. V. C. Moberley, Army Champion of 1928, played for the Royal Engineers' team in the Army Challenge Cup, which they won last year but which this year went to the Royal Artillery. Major A. Gordon Barry, Open Amateur Champion in 1905, proceeded from Prestwick to St. Andrews to play in the Royal and Ancient Spring Medal Competition and tied for third place after finding difficulty on the greens. Mr. Robert Maxwell is another ex-amateur champion, and Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Boyd is a well-known Irish golfer

Photographs by Ian Smith

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON-W.

TAIL FIRST

"LOUNGE SUITS from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas."

This Tag, which has formed the tailpiece to countless numbers of these advertisements, is now placed foremost in order that its importance may be fully realised.

A very large number of new clients show surprise when they are told that we can build a suit for less than sixteen guineas. There is a prevalent impression that we are a House of plutocratic charges. We do not profess to be cheap, since one cannot sell the finest materials, cut by artists and *sewn by hand* for a low price. Using only the best woollens and linings, employing only expert labour, we are in reality modest in our demands. We can supply a perfectly tailored tweed or flannel suit at ten guineas, and our average price for pure worsteds and saxonies is twelve guineas; for Court Dress, Riding Breeches, Golf Suits, Shooting Suits, and Uniforms, the prices are in proportion.

If we were to charge twenty guineas for a lounge suit, we could not build finer clothes, or use better material; there are no better workpeople in the world than ours, while our cutters combine the skill of the craftsman with the imaginative genius of the artist.

Our prices are considerably lower than other West End firms of equal standing, simply because we do not give credit, and therefore have no allowance to make for bad debts and stagnant capital outlay.

There is an individuality about the House of Pope & Bradley. Even in the matter of materials we are different, for many of these are specially manufactured to our own exclusive designs, and are unobtainable elsewhere. Our premises and reception rooms represent the acme of comfort, and the personality of the House is as distinctive as are the clothes we produce.



DRESS SUITS

14 OLD BOND STREET W.
2, 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.
ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

Still fresh - after the Dance

thanks to the wonderfully
refreshing and lively pur-
ity of Schweppes Ginger
Ale—Society's choice
of a non-intoxicating
drink for enjoyable
thirst quenching.



FOR THE CAR: Motorists can obtain Schweppes Ginger Ale (also Tonic Water and Lemonade) in convenient cartons containing 3 large bottles or 6 small bottles, complete with Crown cork opener.

Schweppes

GINGER ALE

Also order — SCHWEPPE'S SODA WATER • TONIC WATER • GINGER BEER • LEMON SQUASH • CIDER • ETC.

Topics of Varied Interest

Youth Cannot Monopolize Beauty.

It is universally acknowledged that beauty is not the monopoly of youth, and that throughout their lives women may be lovely to look upon. It is when time first begins to leave his stealthy footsteps that women must look to their laurels and take not merely thought for their physical well being in general, they must study with care the Cyclax brochure, "The Art of Being Lovely"; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free on application to 58, South Molton Street, W. Several pages are devoted to exercises, diagrams being given of "The Daily Dozen" that Mrs. Hemming, the authority in these salons, recommends. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that they must be done regularly.

Some Special Difficulties.

It is unnecessary here to dwell on the general care of the skin, suffice it to say that the Cyclax preparations are of exalted merit and really do perform that which is claimed for them. It is the special difficulties that are of genuine interest. For instance, there is the double chin. This may be conquered by soaking a piece of lint in the Cyclax Muscle Restorer; this must be held in position with the chin-strap and allowed to remain on for a quarter of an hour; subsequently



"Beautiful in form and feature, lovely as the day," are those who tread the Cyclax Way. There are the daily dozen and the Cyclax preparations waiting to assist them

this must be replaced by a piece of dry lint. On the following night the Skin Food should take the place of the Muscle Restorer.

A Thin Throat.

Throughout the ages a thin and scraggy throat has been anathema in the eyes of intelligent women. Mrs. Hemming has evolved a cure for the same; it is so simple, viz., to massage the neck every night with Cyclax E. Skin Food, and on alternate nights to apply the Cyclax Throat Lotion. Another trouble is relaxed pores; they draw attention to their condition by giving the skin a coarse and shiny appearance. Before attempting to close them they must be cleansed of all impurities, which may be accomplished with the Cyclax Open Pore Lotion. And of course, the skin must be fed regularly with the Skin Food. Blackheads will yield to the same treatment as open pores.

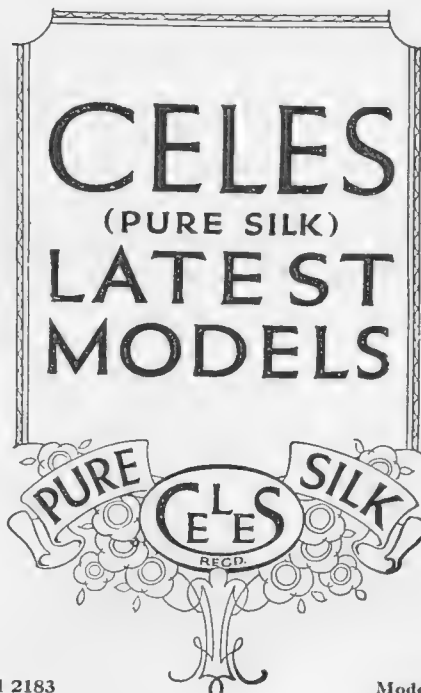
The Banishment of Wrinkles.

It's much easier to prevent wrinkles than to cure them. A skin that is properly braced and nourished simply defies wrinkles. But if wrinkles are there persevere with Cyclax Complexion Milk and Cyclax Skin Food on alternate nights—leaving them on all night. Dab the face often during the day with Cyclax Complexion Milk and dry it with a soft towel. Complexion Milk is marvellous for permanently smoothing out those hateful little creases.



Model 2183

This model in Ivory is finished with a cleverly arranged scarf; the scarf ends trimmed with brightly coloured straps.



Model 2255

A very dainty model in all shades of Celes. The model represented is in an exquisite shade of pastel blue.





Your face is pasty. Your eyes are heavy. Life is one constant effort. And yet you are content to muddle on with unsuspected constipation

It must be obvious to any thinking person that crude and violent purgatives can neither prevent nor cure constipation. Such drastic, harmful measures merely shock the system into temporary obedience. The safe sufficient precaution is through the natural pleasant means, happily made possible for us by Eno's "Fruit Salt." Eno puts forward no false pretensions which insult both common

sense and science. It merely does what it claims to do — keeps the foodways of the body always sweet and clean, through its power to retain in the food canal the necessary fluid to dilute and dismiss all poisonous waste. Take Eno's "Fruit Salt" first thing every morning — and avoid all harsh and habit-forming substitutes. They do more harm than good

Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered Trade Marks

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Weddings and Engagements



Hay Wrightson
MISS DOROTHEA HICKS

Who is engaged to marry Mr. Oliver Stuart Todd, is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Hicks and Mrs. Hicks of Leylands, Wotton, Surrey

Miss D. J. H. Kingsmill at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks.

Marrying Abroad.

Captain K. A. Garrett, M.C., 1st Battalion 12th Frontier Force Regiment (P.W.O. Sikhs), and Miss Dorothy Simner, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Simner of Knott'sfield, Budleigh Salterton, are being married at Quetta in August.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Charles William Trevelyan of Wellington College, son of the Rev. John C. Trevelyan and Mrs. Trevelyan of St. Veep, Kennington, Oxford, and Miss Maud Dixey, the daughter of Dr. F. A. Dixey, F.R.S., Emeritus Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, and the late Mrs. Dixey of 33, Museum Road,

June Weddings.

On June 2, Mr. Spencer Summers and Miss Jean Pickering are being married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street; Mr. A. B. Davies and Miss Thora Llewellyn have fixed the 12th for their marriage at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street; the 5th is the date of the wedding between Mr. Richard Ingpende la Mare and Miss Catherine Donaldson, which is also at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street; on the same day Mr. F. E. Clifford, Grenadier Guards, marries

Oxford; Mr. John Shulldham Schreiber, eldest son of Captain C. S. and the Hon. Mrs. Schreiber of Marlesford Hall,



Ian Smith
MR. AND MRS. KENNETH HUNT

A photograph taken after their wedding a short while ago. The bridegroom is in the Royal Marines and the bride was formerly Miss Jean Shepherd, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Shepherd

Woodbridge, and Miss Maureen Dent, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hastings Dent of 20, Draycott Place, S.W.; Lieut.-Commander David Gilmour, Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Despatch*, son of Mr. David Gilmour, C.B.E., and Mrs. Gilmour, and Miss Noreen Mary Beamish, the daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Robert Talbot Beamish, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Beamish; Captain Fitzherbert McKeon, late 4th the Connaught Rangers (S.R.), eldest son of the late Mr. Michael McKeon of Belmont, Drumsna, and Miss Shirley Chubb, the only daughter of the Hon. C. Archibald and Mrs. Chubb of Wimbledon; Lieutenant Duncan Lindsay Raymond, R.N., the only surviving son of Commander and Mrs. E. L. Raymond of Sandown, I.W., and Miss Aline Elliot Paterson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Paterson of West Overcliff Drive, Bournemouth; Major Henry Stapoole Briggs, O.B.E., R.E., eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Bremridge Briggs and Mrs. Bremridge Briggs of The Hall, Gosport, Hants, and grandson of the late Rev. William Church Stapoole, D.D., and Miss Heartsease Stanier, younger daughter of the late Mr. Ernest Stanier and Mrs. Stanier of 53, Drayton Gardens, S.W.

MISS ROSALIE FRANCIS

The daughter of Mr. Walter Francis I.C.S. (retired), and of the late Mr. Francis of Warley, Exmouth, who is shortly to marry Mr. Thomas Frederick Southall

Bond St

Asprey

London

A FINE SELECTION OF UNIQUE DESIGNS
ALWAYS IN STOCK
AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.



SOLID SILVER CUP, WITH PANELLED BODY, ON ROSEWOOD PLINTH.

Height of Cup, not including Plinth, 7 in.

6.7.6



VERY FINE HEAVY SOLID SILVER BOWL,
Entirely Hand-made, copied from Geo. I period.
Diam. 10 in.

24.5.0 complete on Plinth.



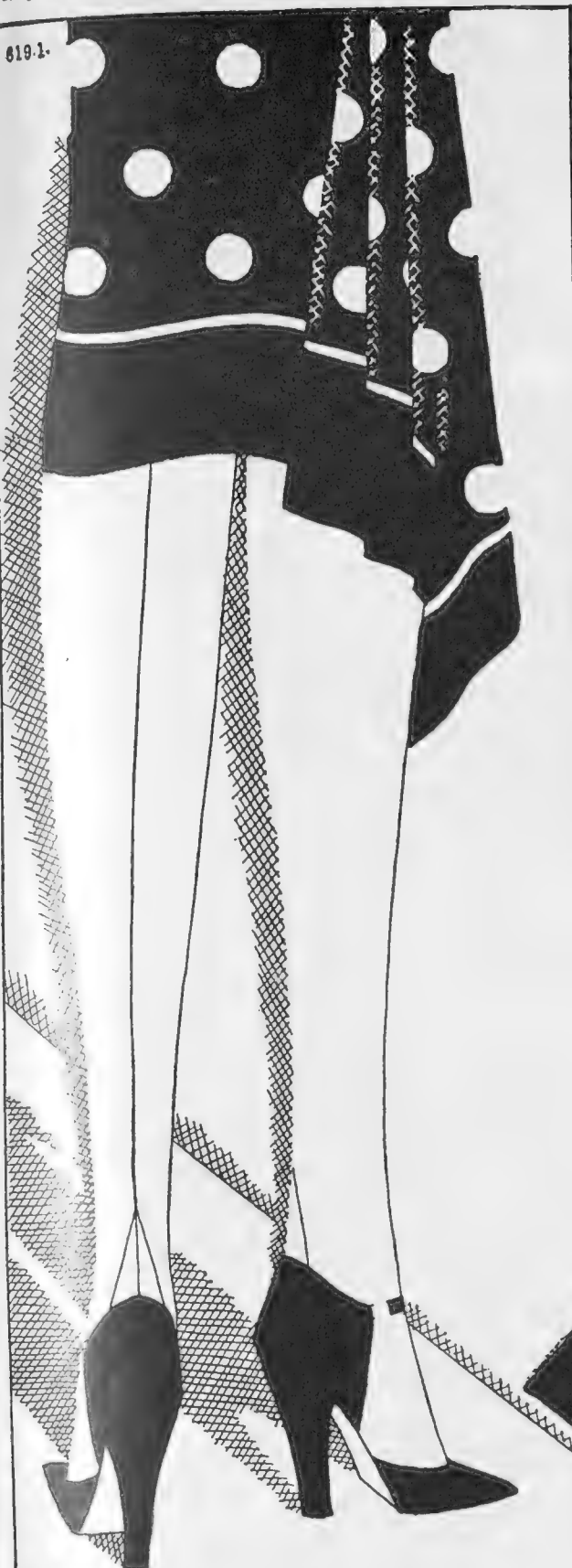
PLAIN SOLID SILVER CUP, ON PLINTH.

Height of Cup, not including Plinth.

4½ in.	...	2.0.0
4¾ in.	...	3.2.6
7 in.	...	5.7.6
8¾ in.	...	7.0.0
9½ in.	...	10.15.0
10¾ in.	...	14.15.0
12½ in.	...	21.10.0

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619-1.



A magnet to draw admiration . . . Kayser stockings ●
 Tailored beauty . . . ingenious slimming elegance of
 the pointed "Slipper Heel"* ● Delicate strength . . .
 natural silken loveliness that is lasting ● The flawless
 best . . . the only real economy ● Newest colours
 . . . subtle and flattering ● At all good shops from as
 little as 6/11 a pair ●

* Registered Trade Mark

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 C. J. DAVIS, 3 PRINCE'S STREET
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622-1.



Travel in Tranquility ... at fares you can afford

You neither see nor hear the engines of these Big Ships; yet night and day they spin away the ocean's smooth green miles... tireless, invisible, supremely efficient. So it is with Big Ship service; it has the unobtrusive perfection that is the whole art of gracious entertainment. For speed and smoothness, comfort and good company, entertainment and economy—

TRAVEL BY THE WHITE STAR CABIN SHIPS
FROM LIVERPOOL & SOUTHAMPTON

TO NEW YORK & CANADA
from £27:15:0

THE BIG SHIP ROUTE

Company's Offices or Agents Everywhere

WHITE STAR

Service Advertising



Secret Service in Red Russia—cont.

could, and row out to the spot one mile south of the Elagin lightship, and there await the launch which was to arrive at 3 a.m.

I said I would do it, and Peter departed with my message.

It was a week of agitation! Where to get a boat without arousing suspicion? How to put out to sea unobserved? All my mechanism was set in motion. I decided to become a fisherman. But two days before the week was up the Soviet Government published this notice:

In view of the provocative activities of British naval craft in the Finnish Gulf and Petrograd waters, all fishing and cruising in those waters and in the river approaches is prohibited.

Nothing doing! The appointed night arrived and I had had no means of communicating with Finland and warning the British naval authorities that the Bolsheviks would be keeping a special look-out.

I was living at the time in a house not far from the port. I went that night to a spot where I could look out over the sea. Agar would be coming at 3 a.m. and I could give no sign. I could not even stand around there all night for it would be most suspicious.

Agar dashed in, waited half-an-hour, and dashed back, and all I heard of it was the noise of the guns firing at him.

And next day, despite the brilliant sunshine, the drab city to me was bitterly cold and cheerless.

But Peter had said on his last visit that Agar had sworn he would get me out. If he failed this time he would still come again. And though I had never yet met him I felt that Agar was not the sort of man to fail in his word.

I began to prepare, awaiting the next message.

I would swim out to meet the launch. One mile from the shore to the lightship, another to the appointed spot. Two miles. Swimming was my greatest sport. Two miles, even in clothes, ought not to be so hard.

I went several times to Lakhta, on the northern shore, and practised. A bather at midday in the summer aroused no particular suspicion. And to harden myself to exposure I smeared myself with grease and lay for an hour every evening in a cold bath.

The messenger came at last. It was not Peter this time, but a Russian midshipman by name Gefter. He had been sent on account of his special sea-going knowledge and his acquaintance with the gulf and coast. The launch, he said, despite the increased dangers and the now very vigilant Cronstadt forts, was preparing to come again in a week.

Gefter undertook to find a boat. To make our sally from the port, the river mouths, the islands, or the neighbouring shore was impossible owing to the new orders. The only place to set out was considerably farther along the coast, almost opposite Cronstadt, whence we must row back several miles towards the Elagin lightship.

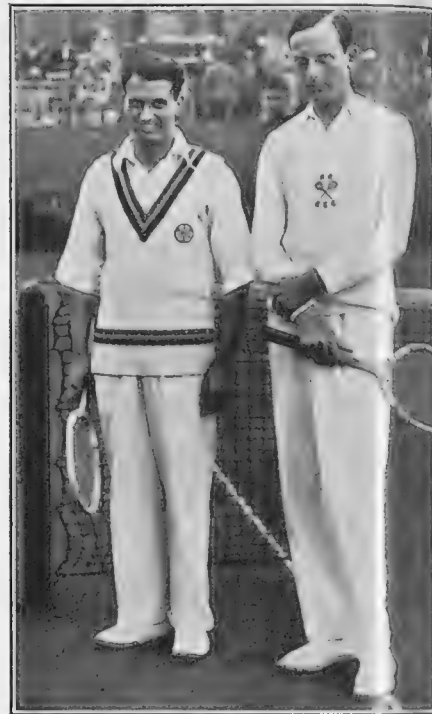
It was now early August. The longest white nights had passed and there were about three hours of darkness. In these hours we must make our journey.

For a big quantity of potatoes, which I helped him to obtain, Gefter purchased a fishing-boat and made arrangements with the fisherman to have us put out to sea.

The Bolsheviks had advanced the clock three hours for summer-time, so that the appointed hour of 3 a.m. was really midnight. Everything was in our favour. The weather was fine, and clouds, driving slowly over the sky, hid the moon and rendered the twilight darker. Our fishermen appeared trusty. They had been well paid and doubtless had a smuggler's interest in the Red regime. But, most fortunate of all, Cronstadt was burning! A great fire had broken out the previous day in the shipyards, and this surely would detract attention from flying motor-launches.

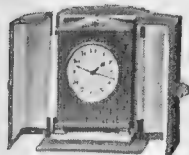
As we emerged by forest paths to the water's edge the fire on the horizon lit up the fleeting clouds with a ruddy glare. My companion and I waded out through the rushes to the waiting boat. The fishermen left

(Continued on p. xii)

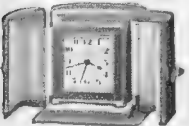


H. G. N. LEE AND E. C. PETERS

Before their match in the final of the Hard Courts Championship at Bournemouth. H. G. N. Lee won 6-3, 2-6, 6-4, 6-4, and it was agreed on all hands that the better player won. His service and volleying were particularly strong



Eight-day Clock with alarm, jewelled escapement, engraved gilt case, silvered or gilt dial £3 . 7 . 6
3½ inches high.



30-hour alarm clock, jewelled escapement, engraved gilt case, with silvered or gilt dial £3 . 2 . 6
2½ inches high.



"The Presents Included . . ."

Not a big gift—a Zenith Clock. And not a costly one. But it is the kind of gift that stands out among much bigger and costlier presents. It is so rich in the things that make a gift worth while.

In beauty, for instance. What could be more perfect in form, or so exquisite in workmanship and finish?

And in sincerity. Here, obviously, is a gift that is chosen without compromise. Here, amongst clocks, is the best that money can buy.

A Zenith Clock is a small gift but a big gesture. It shows so plainly that the giver's heart is in the giving. Just as men's hearts were in it, when they made it a marvel of accuracy—when they fashioned it as a symbol of perfect taste.

OUR FREE BOOK "WATCHCRAFT" will fascinate you by its revelation of the wonders of a modern fine timekeeper. It will gladly be sent, together with a portfolio catalogue of Zenith Clocks and Watches, on request to the Zenith Watch Company, Dept. 2K, 119 High Holborn, London, W.C. 1

All the better watchmakers and jewellers sell Zenith clocks. Prices range from £1. 12. 6 to £8. 8. 0.

ZENITH

Clocks

MADE BY THE MEN WHO MAKE THE ZENITH WATCH

"FRESHNESS and VITALITY."



MISS JOAN MAUDE,

the distinguished young actress, now appearing in "His Excellency the Governor" at the Kingsway Theatre, writes:

"I can quite honestly say that I have always found Phosferine a most excellent tonic, and also a splendid pick-me-up for over-tiredness. However well one plays a rôle, the chief anxiety is whether we can equal or surpass it next time, and any undue nerve strain makes all the difference. I have found Phosferine admirable to ensure composed steady nerves, with that sense of rest and freshness so essential for stage work. As always happens in the busy and intense conditions of stage work, energy is sometimes at a low ebb, and at such moments I have found that a few doses of Phosferine re-create vigour, and restore sparkle to tired eyes, and buoyant vitality of movement. I am quite sure Phosferine greatly promotes one's physical fitness, and makes the night's rest really refreshing."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT.—The New Tonic Fruit Saline.

Supersedes all old-fashioned laxatives—It Tones as it Cleanses!

PRICE 1/6—DOUBLE QUANTITY 2/6

Always

Secret Service in Red Russia—cont.

us to ourselves and vanished in the trees, and we began our adventurous voyage.

Pulling an oar each we calculated to reach the appointed spot in two hours. But though the boat appeared to be a sturdy one it was inordinately heavy. We made very poor headway. Then my companion all at once realized that he had omitted to look into a large fish-well beneath the seat, and when he examined it he found it was full to the brim with water.

It would have taken hours to bale even had we the wherewithal. There was nothing to do but pull ahead, putting extra beef behind the oars.

But the Finnish Gulf is treacherous. Black lowering clouds appeared behind Cronstadt, and in a few minutes a heavy squall arose. Our water-logged craft refused to ride the waves. One by one they came over the side until the boat was swamped. Midshipman Geffer turned the prow shorewards to avoid the broadside waves, and with great skill kept the boat afloat by jerking the stern upwards with his oar as each wave advanced.

The glimmer of the Elagin lighthouse was clearly visible to starboard. But we were ship-wrecked. Our boat was sinking beneath us. My midshipman pulled off his top-boots and threw them overboard.

"Don't do that man!" I cried, "you'll need them ashore!"

"I can't swim in these boots," he said.

I wore puttees and boots myself. I did not fear these in swimming. Besides I was in special training.

Suddenly the boat sank beneath us. I was sitting in the prow at the moment, scanning the shore-line. Two oars and a spare rudder remained floating. Geffer passed me an oar and took one himself, but neither of

us needed them. The squall had died down as suddenly as it rose. We were in calm waters. The shore was not far distant and we soon touched bottom.

As we climbed up into the weeds a muffled roar sounded from the sea. The moon broke through the clouds and in the clear moonlight we could see plainly on the horizon, like a tiny moving white spot, the high wake of the motor-launch madly dashing to our meeting-place.

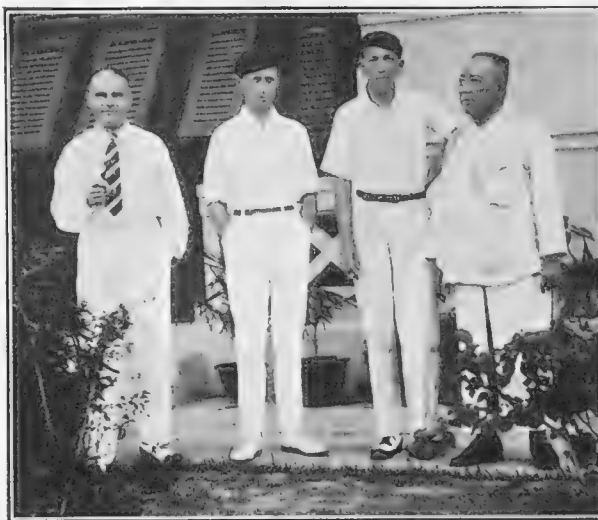
We had six miles to walk through the forest back to our fisherman's cottage, avoiding the paths, which were patrolled. My companion, poor fellow, was mortified at his blunder of the fish-well, which had brought us disaster, and at having foolishly thrown away his boots. But he had handled the boat well and now bore up like a man despite his hardships. I had a great advantage in that I was in good training, I had easily swum in my clothes and in the forest still felt fresh.

I helped him in his bare feet through the undergrowth, but we could not make the cottage by daybreak. Shots resounded close at hand. Climbing into the thickets, we lay there till seven o'clock, when the night patrol went off duty. My brave midshipman's feet were bleeding, and he all but succumbed from the cold, but I kept him alive by blowing down his mouth and rubbing him, and the exercise helped to warm me, too.

Back again in Red Russia, disconsolate and weary, I spent a day or two recovering from this experience. Midshipman Geffer some days later found a way back to Finland by a very round-about overland route through Estonia, carrying my despatches. If he arrived safely he was to send Peter to me by the same route.

In two weeks Peter turned up safe and sound. I then arranged with the commander of my regiment to be sent down to that front ostensibly to join an artillery brigade, but in reality to desert from the Red Army.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



NOEL COWARD IN PENANG

On the left are Mr. Bilainkin, editor of a Penang daily paper, and Lord Amherst, who has had a strenuous newspaper career in America, then the famous actor-playwright, and then Mr. Linn Seng Hooi, who is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the famous Snake Temple. Mr. Coward is due in London very shortly to begin rehearsals for a production in the autumn

WHEN IN FRANCE

DON'T MISS

SUNNY SAVOY

THE BEST HOTELS

AIX les BAINS	{	SPLENDIDE & EXCELSIOR
	{	EUROPE
EVIAN	{	ROYAL
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CHAMONIX	{	MAJESTIC
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— made by hand, one at a
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final distinction in packing alone
deciding whether they are for
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25 for 2/-

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Pictures in the Fire—continued

the case may be—should say, "Oh? So I should think! Just the sort of outrage you *would* marry!" I expect if we could get really good at this sort of thing it would make for a more direct and honest method of life and, with luck, we might escape any permanent physical injury or painful death, but there used to be a proverb which was recommended to those who believed in safety first, and it was this: *Mieux que la Verité est un beau mensonge*.

It seems as if there might be a bit more in this ban on Mr. Primo Carnera (*quâ* boxer) than meets the eye, because the reports say that his latest victim was down six times in two minutes. This works out to once every twenty seconds, and the performance must have been rather like that given by those clever lads, the acrobats, who go flashing across the stage in a rapid succession of end-over-enders. The wonder to me is why Bombo Chevalier or any other intrepid opponent bothered about assuming the upright posture of *homo sapiens*, and did not run about on all fours and endeavour to hamstring the festive Primo by biting him through the tendon Achilles. In the meanwhile we read Mr. Joe Beckett's lament at no longer being in the business so that he could put Primo where he belongs. In this connection I have entirely failed to understand the mentality of one of Carnera's recent opponents who, after his tenth or eleventh knock-down, and when Carnera, thinking he was down for keeps and was walking away to his corner, got up and caught the descendant of Romulus and Remus a sappy one "somewhere behind," as the report puts it. Carnera turned round and handed this gallant man a biff which sent him zooming over the ropes in amongst the breathless spectators.



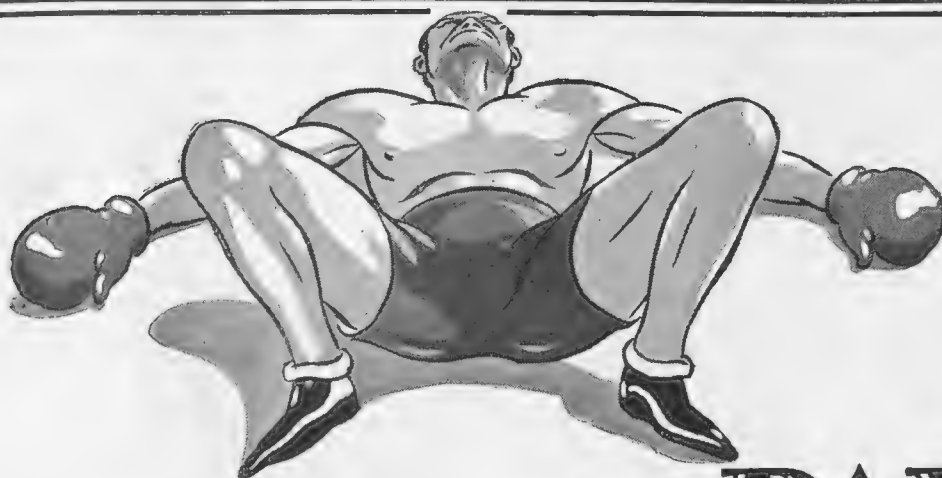
ASKING FOR IT!

Nursemaid (No. 16) showing how it should not be done in the Pavilion Handicap Selling 'Chase at Sandown (won by Borjom, who also nearly came it at the third one). Shortly after the incident above Nursemaid was pulled up—tailed off!

A propos this polo International and the value of inculcating a spirit of flaming optimism, once upon a time I knew a chap we used to call "The Dumb Jockey"; he was the Alfred Lester of G.R.'s, face as long as a coffin and just about as cheerful; a really good performer but just built the way he had to go all of a twitter when he went out to have a ride over the obstacles. One time he had a ride on a real star called The Stepper, a certainty, and one of the kind you would say you couldn't pull down with a rope. He was trained by a man I'll call Mike McEvoy—it's near enough to his name—and he was an ex-Moonlighter before he took to training jumpers. As he was leading The Dumb 'Un out on The Stepper, the pallid pilot leant down over the horse's shoulder and said in a dry, gasping whisper: "Mike do you think I'll get round?" This was too much for Mike, who shouted: "Blast ye to flames, and what are ye u

there if ye *don't* think so?" "The Dumb 'Un" through sheer nerves and messing that good horse about, managed to pull him into the third one, and though he wasn't hurt at all, only just scared, had to pretend that he couldn't walk back to the stands unaided.

A story which I brought home with me a-many years ago, and which since then has been pinched, and badly retold at that, by almost every paragraph-monger in London, is rather apposite to the imperturbability of our Australian cousins under any and every circumstance. It is as well to set it out correctly. There was an Australian head lad to an Australian trainer I used to know who had only one ear. My curiosity was not meant to be vulgar, but I just asked how it had happened. I said: "An accident?" "Naow," said my friend, "it warn't no accident." "Fighting?" I said. "Naow," said he, "e don't fight." "How then?" "Oh, 'e just 'ad an argument!" And he wasn't meaning to be funny; just giving me a bit of information.



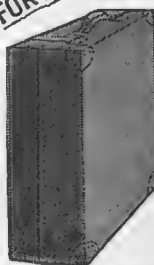
FLAT OUT!

Open Paxall—the perfect expanding suitcase—flat out. It's made to do that, so you can pack easily. Each half is packed separately, and the contents secured by straps.

Close Paxall—the Scarlet Safety Spot gives a new security to your packing. It expands only when you want it—not otherwise.

For a night or a fortnight Paxall will adjust itself instantly to your demands. Easy to pack. Easy to fasten. Easy to carry. Stands up to a lot of tough wear does Paxall.

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In fibre, vulcanised fibre and cowhide. When you have seen the case, the price speaks for itself. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

Write to "Paxall," 101, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C. 2, for descriptive price list and address of your nearest retailer.

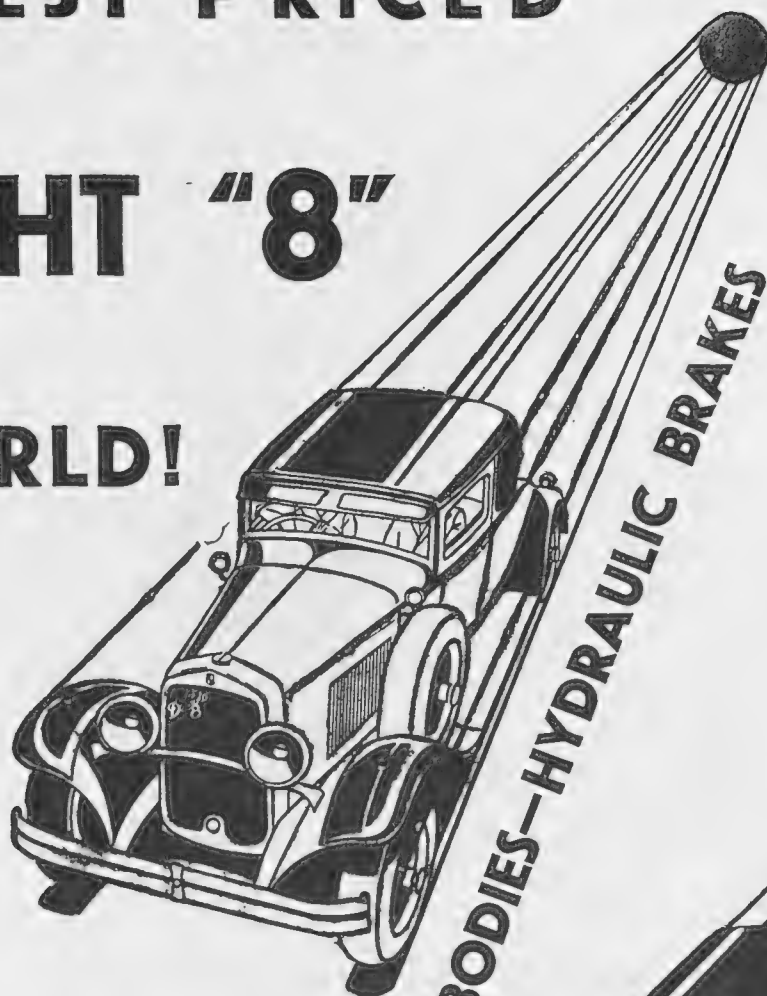
Opens Flat—Packs Both Sides.

—OR A FORTNIGHT—



From
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REVOLUTIONARY BODIES—HYDRAULIC BRAKES

WHEN you learn how this silent, spacious "monopiece" car can cling to the worst of roads—you will drive with a joyful confidence that doubles your driving skill.

When you feel how its pliant power obeys your lightest whim—you will creep like a cat through traffic, flash away in an instant, sweep up the longest, steepest hills—without a thought of the gearbox. When you find you can check that rush by a touch on internal hydraulic brakes—you will use the whole of that engine's speed—happy because you are safe. Outshining even the top gear range of the famous De Soto Six! With all the vast resources of Chrysler behind it, *De Soto has built model for model the lowest-priced straight eight in all the world.*



THE NEW DE SOTO '8

CHASSIS PRICE £295

CHRYSLER MOTORS, LTD., MORTLAKE ROAD, KEW GARDENS, SURREY

Petrol Vapour—continued

thing is a mere commonplace. Let your car get into a generous skid on a modern main road (some examples of which might well have been designed to facilitate skidding), and if the cliff-like kerb is there a somersault is a stone certainty. For my own part I would sooner take my chance with any kind of hedge and ditch, or even with a brick wall if it comes to the point, than with about 9 in. of upright concrete. Hitting the latter, a car needs to have its centre of gravity extremely close to the ground if it is to stay upright upon its wheels. I think it can be put like this, that a car with a tank at the back, with a pump scheme of fuel supply, and guaranteed never to roll over, involves no risk of fire whatsoever. It may, then, well be that instead of attributing the cause of these ghastly holocausts to faults in car design, we might with more justice inquire what those who administer our road construction have got to say for themselves. Possibly, even probably, high kerbstones did not play any part in these distressing fatalities, though they did in one instance in which a friend of mine was burnt to death (which has perhaps contributed to my bias against them), yet the fact remains that I never see them without the horrid thought of fire crossing my mind.

Summer Juice.

For my own part, having failed to find by experiment any advantage in doing otherwise, I run my cars on the same brand of oil and the same consistency of it winter and summer alike, but I am well aware that there are many competent experts who are ready to prove that it is good, at just about the present time, to change over to a heavier grade of lubricant. Some say one thing and some say another, but I say that I don't suppose there is a row of pins to choose between the two principles. For this reason it came as rather a surprise to me to learn that the Shell Company had put upon the

market a "summer grade" of spirit. I would like a quid for every gallon of their normal product that I have used with satisfaction all the year round . . . and yet a concern of this magnitude does not introduce new things just for fun. There must be something in it otherwise it would not get that great name pinned to it. This something is, I believe, that whereas in cold-weather conditions the lighter fractions of petroleum spirit are welcome in the tank since they contribute to quick starting and a lively pick-up, they are less desirable in summer when their tendency towards rapid evaporation may lead to the mixture being slightly on the rich side, with consequent loss in power and economy. All of which is logical enough.

Hugging Fallacies.

Have you ever eaves-dropped unwittingly upon other people's conversations and heard those things said that made you interrupt with a protest? Oh, you needn't tell me that you never have, for in any case I will bet that you've wanted to, and it is the thought rather than the act that matters. With old age creeping on I guess I am getting intolerant. Thus a week or two ago, when for once in a way I was in a railway carriage, I just had to slaughter with such words as I could lay tongue to a wise-acre who was assuring some credulous idiot that most of the parts of a certain car of which every Briton has ground to be proud were "imported from America." In these circumstances to bottle myself up would have meant apoplexy. Then again, at a golf club at which I was a guest I couldn't help overhearing a man saying that four-wheel jacks were dangerous, and he would not advise his friend to fit them, because "if one of them came down of its own accord when you were doing fifty you would be 'for it.'" So upon that I had to be rude, and there and then offered to give them a demonstration that this was not so. I offered to let either of these wights drive my car at fifty anywhere they chose, whilst I, hanging out of the window, deliberately shoved one of the jacks down to the road.



LADIES' DAY AT PUNCESTOWN

Lord and Lady Ossory and their little daughter, Lady Moyra Butler, on the day the Ladies' Plate was run at this famous course. It is a 1 mile 3 furlong flat race, and the card was a mixed one, 'chasing and flat. Lord Ossory is the Marquess of Ormonde's son and heir, and was a captain in the 1st Life Guards

Poole, Dublin

to Castrol users WARNING!

Say CASTROL XL, not just XL



WAKEFIELD

CASTROL

MOTOR OIL

C. G. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., Wakefield House, Cheapside, E.C. 2

Messrs. C. C. WAKEFIELD & Co., Ltd.
Dear Sirs,

I am an owner-driver of 30 years' experience.

On various occasions I have purchased from a Garage a gallon of XL Oil, and have been under the impression all the time, that I was being supplied with Castrol XL, for I naturally concluded that XL applied only to your manufacture. Apparently this is not so.

On Tuesday morning last I journeyed to Norfolk from London having first used a portion of the Oil purchased from the garage in question.

The normal oil pressure should register 40 on my car, but, after going about 20 miles I found the pressure had dropped to between 10 and 15, and the engine was fearfully hot, although the supply of oil in the sump was well above the level.

I noticed that oil was being thrown out from the engine, and it occurred to me that the oil looked very thin. To test this I purchased a supply of Castrol XL. I immediately found the pressure rose to the required 40 points, although after a few miles running it went back to about 30 because of the previous oil that was still in the sump.

On arriving back in London, I communicated with the garage in question and related my experience. I then learned to my surprise that the oil I purchased was not Castrol XL.

I have no hesitation in saying that the oil supplied would have ruined my engine in a very short space of time.

The point I wish to make is that, as naturally many owners of vehicles are under the impression that if they buy a gallon of loose oil, and ask for XL, that the lubricant supplied is Castrol.

You may make whatever use you please of this letter. It may be very helpful to other motorists.

Yours faithfully,
(signed) Geo. W. Roche, F.A.L.P.A.

Geo. W. Roche

WHEREVER YOU MAY LIVE . . .



So pleased are we to reveal the luxury of Lincoln travel, that wherever you may live—whether in London or in the provinces—we will gladly bring a Lincoln Car to your door for a trial run.

The unusual processes of craftsmanship used in fashioning this superb motor car may be described. The jealous care of the Ford organisation in creating the Lincoln and the unique limits of precision to

which it is advanced may be stated. But the results of this painstaking care must be experienced in order to be understood.

So it is that we delight in showing the Lincoln to those who are in harmony with life's better things. Experience its style and luxury, as truthful and enduring as its own sincerity. Understand how Lincoln expresses mile upon mile and year after year of travel in

terms of utter smoothness and serenity. See here what man has done to bring a work very close to perfection.

To arrange for a trial run, just write or telephone to Lincoln Division, Ford Motor Company, Limited, 88 Regent Street, London, W.1. Telephone: Regent 0013. That is the address of the new Ford Salon, where a full range of Lincoln models are on view.

THE LINCOLN

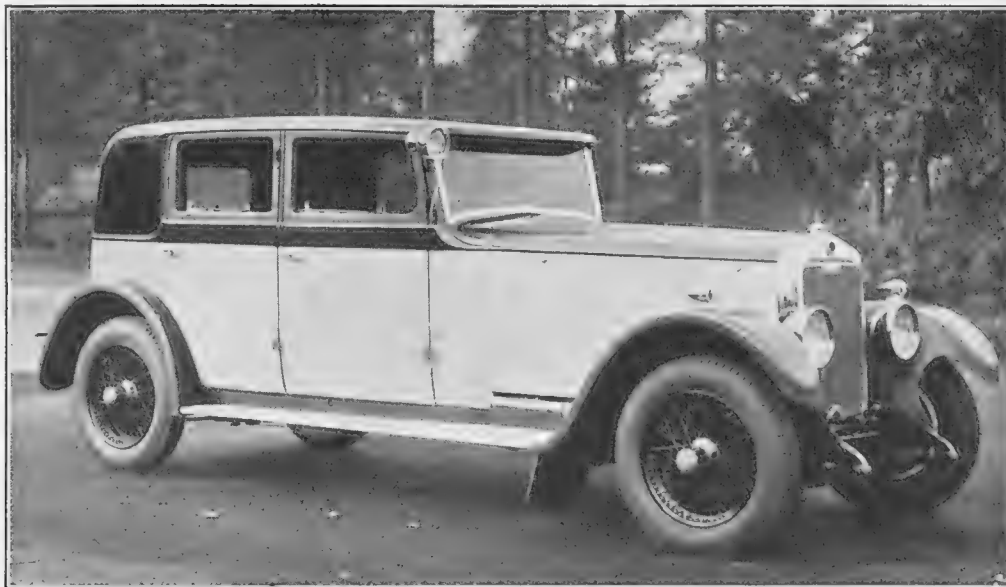
CAR CAMEOS

The 30-h.p. Lanchester

IT may as well at once be said that the above name is sufficient to indicate to the motorist of any experience that one is hitting the high spots in car evaluation, for this is, by common consent, one of that very exclusive little group of cars that cluster round the much-sought-after superlative.

It is just about a year since I last tried the Lanchester Straight-eight. I was intensely impressed with it then, for it is indubitably one of the very finest examples of advanced automobile engineering ever produced in Great Britain, but I was still more impressed with it upon the last occasion. There seemed to be so little room for improvement, and yet means of obtaining very distinct improvement had been clearly found and cleverly exploited.

For example, without the introduction of any undesirable quality the engine (one only needs to lift the bonnet—even this is of original design—to admire its tidiness and the accessibility of everything in front of the dash-board) has been rendered a good deal more powerful and very definitely quieter. This is a very notable achievement. What it means is that on a car of but 31-h.p. rating—which keeps it in the "moderate-powered class" one can cruise all day long, in perfect comfort and with no sign of mechanical flurry, at an honest 60 m.p.h. That is with a saloon body and a full load. As a matter



THE 30-H.P. LANCHESTER

of fact, I imagine a higher speed still is within the Lanchester's scope, but the above is what she did in my hands when I was making an effort at breaking records.

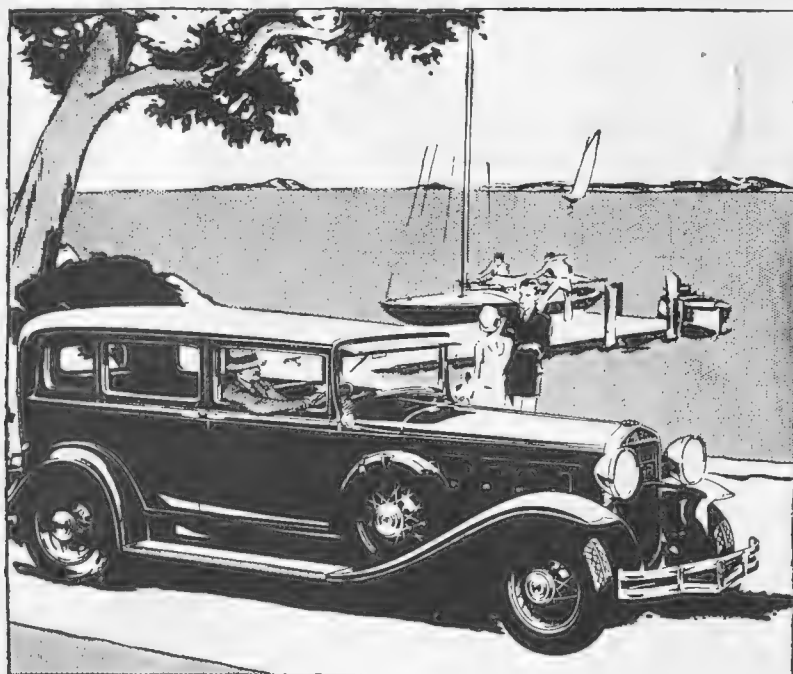
It is nice to see how in this latest and undoubtedly greatest conception of a really pioneer constructor, the fine old Lanchester springing condition has been so magnificently preserved. My passengers might well have looked down their noses when they saw the stuff that I was going to make the car tackle—it could hardly be called a "road" at all.

But those lissom springs absorbed the atrocious bumps and holes much as an Atlantic liner swallow contemptuously the wash of an outboard dinghy. Yet at good high speeds where such were justified (I quote "75" as a commonplace) there was no roll nor dither. Very pleasant indeed it is to feel that one is so well glued to the ground which is coming so quickly towards one. The steering I would describe as quite uncommonly good, especially having regard to the fact that a car as big as this naturally carries a lot of weight forward.

The gear-box is, it need hardly be said, almost a formality as soon as one is under way. Third, however, is a very choice thing to bring into action

when a bit of very quick acceleration is wanted on a gradient, and has been well chosen for traffic work.

As you can see for yourself the car as a whole is of a singularly noble appearance—an obvious aristocrat of the highway. I can testify very sincerely that this is an instance too where handsome is as handsome does, or as engineers often say, "What looks right is right."



FEATURES

Study these features — write for the illustrated literature

Acceleration up to 80 m.p.h. — 5 and 7-seater bodies in 10 styles — luxuriously fitted interiors — shatterproof windscreen — radiator shutters — Lanchester dampener — 4 two-way hydraulic shock-absorbers — Tax only £25 — Complete and up-to-date equipment.

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7 Passenger Sedan - -	£535

NO THRILL LIKE AN EIGHT
NO EIGHT LIKE A HUDSON

From the moment you take the wheel of a Hudson the ride will stand out in your memory as a joyous experience.

You will discover what 8-cylinder performance really means.

You will glide along at walking pace without touching the pedals.

You will dart ahead at express speed.

You will find 60 miles an hour as quiet and easy as 30.

You will top the steepest gradients on a rising speedometer.

You will find brakes positive, prompt and smooth.

When you return —

You will say, "Here is a luxurious car with sports car performance."

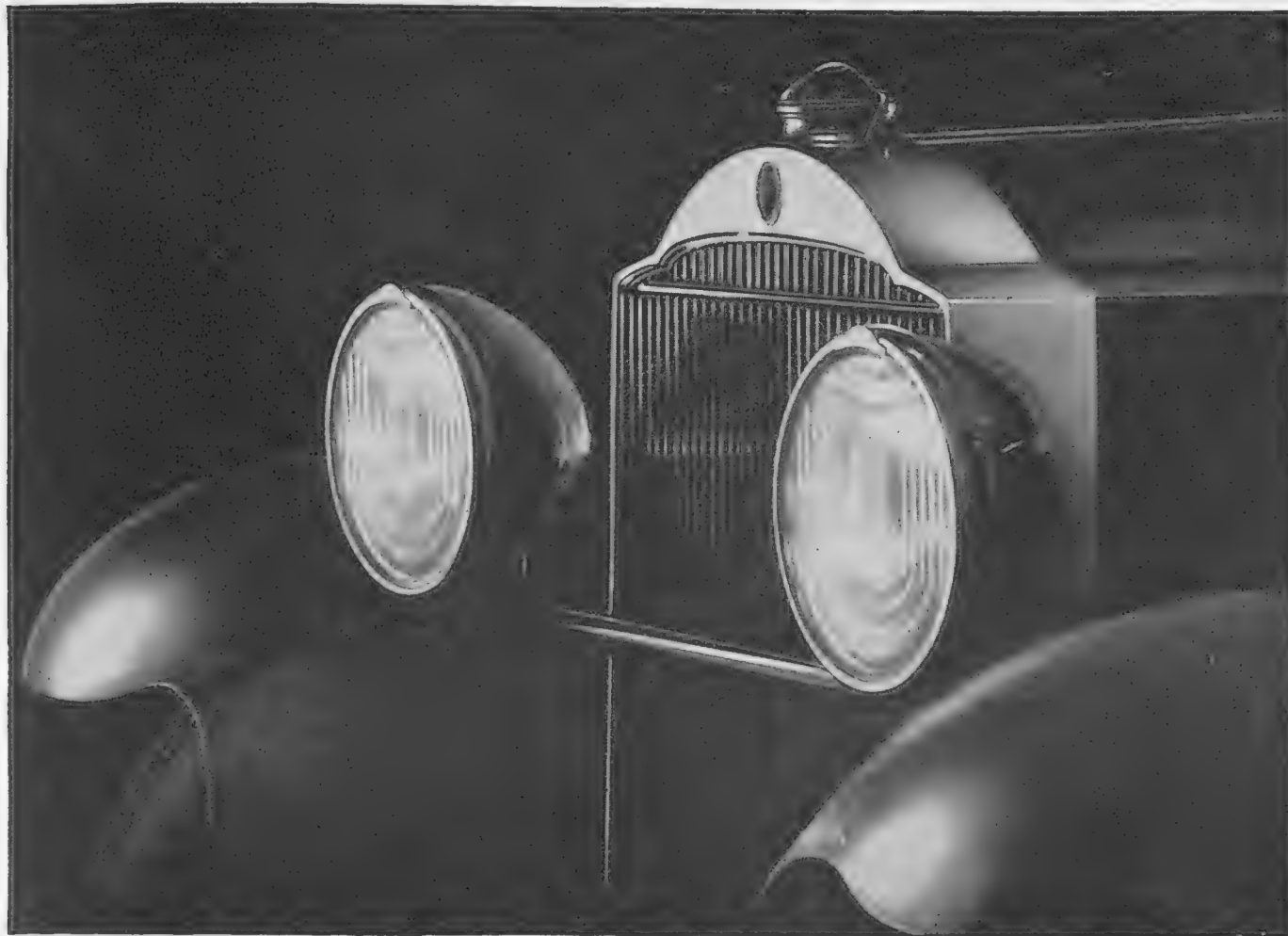
And when you learn the price of the Hudson — only £360 for the Club Saloon — you will say "Amazing!"

HUDSON GREAT 8

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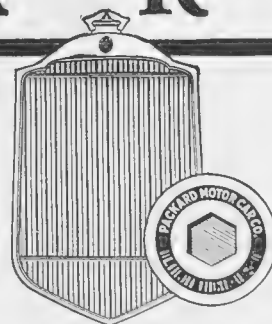
A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E



THE characteristic appearance created by Packard early in motor car history quickly gained a lasting place among beautiful designs, assuring its owners of enduring style. Many cars constantly revise their appearance and soon become out of date. But each succeeding Packard, for more than a quarter of a century, has been so distinctly Packard that the owner of yesterday's model is as proud of his car as is the owner of today's. No other car so fully protects its owners.

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3014

Motor Notes and News.

Yet another great flight has been completed on K.L.G. plugs. These plugs were fitted in the Bristol Jupiter engine of the Duchess of Bedford's monoplane, *The Spider*, which has just completed a record return flight to the Cape and back, the monoplane being piloted by Captain C. D. Barnard. It will be recalled that K.L.G. plugs were used for the first crossing of the Atlantic both by an aeroplane and an airship. They were also used for the first flight to the Cape and the first return flight from the Cape, the first flight to Australia, and on practically every great flight of importance K.L.G. plugs have been the inevitable choice.

Two important new departures in connection with aircraft manufactured by the Ford Motor Company have just been announced by company officials. The first is that henceforth the smaller 4-AT model will be equipped with the new Packard-Diesel type of engine of 225-h.p. if desired as well as with either three 300-h.p. Wright Whirlwind engines or with three Wasp 300 h.p. engines. The second departure involves a substantial reduction in price in both this model and in the larger or 5-AT model. In the past the 4-AT model has employed three 300-h.p. Wright Whirlwind engines. Now, with either the three Wasp 300-h.p. engines or the new Packard-Diesel to choose from, the model will have an added appeal to the aircraft public. The price of this model will hereafter be £8,230 instead of

£10,082, while the price of the 5-AT model, which was that exhibited at Olympia last summer, has been reduced from £11,316 to £10,288.

* * *

With the Duchess of Bedford's permission, Messrs. Shell-Mex, Ltd., arranged to exhibit the monoplane which carried her to South Africa and back in less than twenty-one days. It was on view to the public in front of Bush House, Strand, for one week from May 5. The machine itself has had a remarkable career.

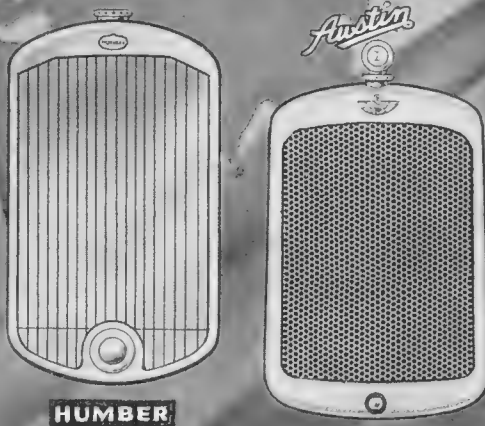
It is a Fokker, type F. VIIA, fitted with Bristol Jupiter engine, and was built in 1925. From 1925 to 1927 it was an air liner in the regular service of the Royal Dutch Air Line. In 1927 it was converted to a long distance machine. An attempt was made to fly the Atlantic, piloted by Captain R. H. MacIntosh and Colonel Fitzmaurice. Also a non-stop flight from England to India was attempted, piloted by Mr. Bert Hinkler and Captain MacIntosh, but a forced landing was made in Poland after twenty-four hours' flying. In 1928 the Duchess of Bedford flew to India, piloted by Captain Barnard and Mr. Alliott, and did the return journey in four days. In 1929 the Duchess of Bedford flew to India and back in seven and a half days, piloted by Captain Barnard and Mr. Little. The machine was overhauled by Messrs. A. V. Rowe and Co., Ltd. In 1930 the Duchess of Bedford flew to Cape Town and back in less than twenty-one days, piloted by Captain Barnard and Mr. R. Little. Arrangements for the supply of both fuel and lubricant were made by the Shell Company.



THE EARL OF DEVON

With his new Straight-eight Marmon saloon recently supplied by Pass and Joyce, Ltd., the concessionaires for Marmon cars. The car is shown in front of Powderham Castle, the country seat of the Earls of Devon since the latter part of the fourteenth century. The castle stands on the site of an ancient Danish fortress that guarded the estuary of the Exe, and the site was the scene of many violent struggles during the Civil Wars

for



HUMBER

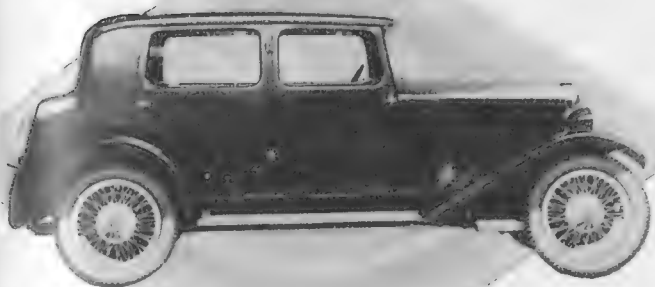
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is in itself a merit —
seven years research
to perfect economical
transport has evolved
the Riley "9"**



**"the car that's set all
the World talking" & will**

*cover 35 m.p.g. with a full load under
normal conditions.*

*Carry four adults in absolute comfort.
Accommodate their luggage outside the
body yet perfectly protected in a special
luggage locker.*

*Travel at speeds up to 60 m.p.h. with
ease and comfort.*

*With its "twin-top" and exceptional
lock climb all hills with the greatest
facility, and—*

*By reason of its graceful design and
unequalled performance promote that
pride of possession which is half the
joy of motoring.*

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Special Riley Display at

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illustrating coats
for Town, Coun-
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**For Protection
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wear a

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Warmest of Overcoats
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yet, naturally ventilating and
almost weightless, the most com-
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For whatever purpose an Over-
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is unquestionably the coat to
choose. Whether considered for
its design, for the fine quality of
its material and workmanship, or
for its staunch all-weather service,
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the best that money can buy—

**A Gilt-edged Investment
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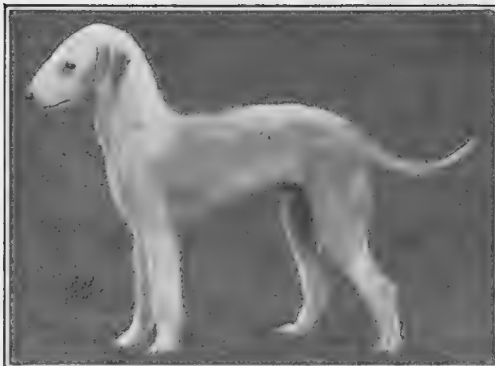
BURBERRYS **HAYMARKET**
Ltd. LONDON S.W.1



*D.B. Chesterfield
Burberry*

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The day these notes appear is the first day of our Open Show. "All roads lead to Olympia," as we have often been told, and certainly the road should lead to Olympia for anyone interested in dogs either to-day, the 14th, or to-morrow the 15th May. The entry is the best the L.K.A. have ever had—4,563 entries, 2,008 dogs. Pekingeses head the list, followed by cockers. In addition to the breeds of dogs for which all Shows cater, there are classes for less common breeds, and here can be seen bearded collies, Australian terriers, bull-mastiffs, as well as the dogs entered in the Foreign Dog Classes. The judging for the best dog in the Show, the Alsatian Obedience Classes, the Children's Classes, and the various specials all takes place to-morrow, May 15, when our President, H.H. Princess Helena



DECKHAM O'PRECIOUS
The property of the Misses Carr

Thos. Fall

Victoria, has kindly promised to attend.

A meeting of the Executive Committee took place on April 11, Lady Wolverhampton in the chair; also a meeting of the Show Committee, Lady Howe presiding.

The miniature black-and-tan terrier was at one time rather pushed aside by other toy breeds; it is pleasant to hear it is fast coming back into favour. One of the people who has done most to restore the breed is Mrs. Wilkinson, who sends some most interesting notes. She says, "It is one of the oldest English breeds of toy dogs, and for pluck, intelligence, and devotion cannot be beaten; furthermore they are clean in habits and have no long hair to moulting about on one's clothes or the furniture. At one time there was a K.C. weight restriction, which was removed in 1925; the ideal size is between 5½ and 7½ lb. The tiny

ones, when perfect, always command good prices but they are few and far between. They are very popular abroad." When Mrs. Wilkinson took these dogs in 1925 there were only three challenge certificates offered in a year, now there are six, which shows the increase in registrations. The photograph given is of Champion Gigolette. She is home-bred and the winner of many prizes. Mrs. Wilkinson will shortly have some puppies of hers for sale. These little dogs are most sporting; Miss Lane has one which kills rats the same size as itself.

Another breed of British terrier which is fast coming back into favour is the Bedlington. These Norfolk Country terriers are game to a degree, and their quaint appearance always attracts. The Misses Carr's Bedlingtons are well known; they have a large selection at their kennels at Wembley and are always pleased to show them to anyone.

The kennels have many wins to their credit this year, and they send a photograph of their winning stud dog. The Misses Carr will also train Bedlingtons.

Lady Burton has added a pug to her kennel. Dochfour Zarah has done very well at all the shows she has been to, including the Pug Club Show. Lady Burton finds a pug very calm and well-behaved after the somewhat exuberant nature of Cairns and Keeshonds.

Mrs. Lawrenson wishes to sell to a good home a very attractive English springer dog. He has not been trained as he had distemper just when he should have been. Mrs. Lawrenson says, "He is most suitable as a pet for children as he is a gay, good-tempered little dog and could be taught anything. He is 2½ years old and very well bred."

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



CH. GIGOLETTE
The property of Mrs. Wilkinson



DOCHFUR ZARAH
The property of Lady Burton

Thos. Fall

TABLE WATER BISCUITS

"Crisp but not crumbly. Here is the perfect biscuit to eat with cheese."

Made only by

CARR'S of CARLISLE



Atlantic in all Weathers

Turnberry bathing is boisterous all-weather bathing! There's good fun in the breakers, and many a clean dive into that other Atlantic inside the Hotel—a merry sea-water pool with all the ocean's spirited tang.

Either Atlantic gives you keen vigour for the other sports at Turnberry—for a day full of sea and sun . . . till you turn lightheartedly to the delightful activities of a Turnberry evening.

Accommodation should be reserved early. Apply to the Resident Manager, Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire, Scotland. The Hotel is under the direction of Arthur Towle, Controller LMS Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1.

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A SATIN BLOUSE OF NEW DESIGN

With neck outlined band of match-
ing georgette finely tucked

Elastic at waist In ivory, Oyster,
Beige and Grey Sizes 42, 44, 46

Price **59/6**

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A Charming Arch-Preserver Model

The tremendous gain in health and energy from wearing "Arch-Preserver" shoes entails no sacrifice in style. This attractive model (containing the "Arch-Preserver" concealed supports) is a new style in Beaver Glacé of pleasing design. Most economically priced at 39/6. (No. 4758).

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THE modern woman who appreciates unusual and effective colourings will be captivated by this new One-piece Teagown. The daringly patterned Pink, Gold and Black Georgette, with the softly feminine skirt and cuffs combine to make it share the youthful individuality of all Teagowns by Selfridge's

Dept. Second Floor

Price **9½ Gns.**

SELFRIDGE'S

LONDON

The Crook—continued

all very well, but the desire to bring off a really good coup at one fell swoop was strong within him.

When he opened an evening paper that night he read underneath a photograph of a Lady Keith Proctor that she and her husband were on the following evening holding a charity ball at the Manor House in aid of the waifs and strays. Samuel read the paragraph several times in his slow, lugubrious way. That would mean, he ruminated, that there would be comings and goings all night and that the house would be open until well on in the morning. He folded the paper and put it carefully away in his pocket. This would need to be a night robbery; still it should be fairly easy. He would borrow Tome's chauffeur-uniform and lie in wait in the avenue and watch his chance. If anyone found him in the house he would pretend he was drunk.

The following day, just before midnight, he went boldly through the lodge gates and up the avenue. He came upon the house suddenly when rounding a bend and drew back into some bushes. There he crouched while music filtered through the open windows. After one o'clock a procession of cars rolled up the avenue. There was laughter, the slamming of doors, and hurried good-nights. The cars, now filled with brightly-dressed women and sombrely-clad men, sped down the avenue out of sight. Soon all lights at the front of the house were extinguished, all except those of a large room to the left of the entrance. Samuel watched, then they too went out.

He crawled, stiff and aching, from the bushes and made his way round the house to the servants' quarters. He chose a side-window for his entrance, and once inside crept stealthily up the broad stairs, the scent from the flower-filled alcoves almost overpowering him. He paused at the top of the first flight to confirm his bearings. His bump of locality stood him well and he made for the room to the left of the entrance where he felt sure Lady Keith Proctor would sleep.

Softly he turned the handle, and the door yielded to the gentle pressure of his knee. Inside he stood a minute to become accustomed to the darkness, but the moon, as though divining his difficulty, came from behind a cloud and suffused the room with a milky light. In a large four-poster he saw a woman sound asleep, her mouth a little open. He turned on his flash-light shading it with one hand, and tip-toed towards the dressing-table. A litter of gold and tortoiseshell brushes and stoppered bottles met his gaze, but his hand stole past them and pulled open a drawer.

From its depths he drew a large jewel-case. He pressed the catch with his broad thumb and found that it was not even locked. Quickly he raised the lid and looked inside. A diamond and platinum watch surrounded by rings and ear-rings of various sizes and shapes blinked up at him. He shut the lid and crept noiselessly to the door. Then his heart missed a beat.

As he stretched out his hand towards the handle he saw it turn, and the next minute the door opened and a tall man in evening dress stood looking down at him. He was a youngish man with a clean-shaven face, peaked eyebrows which gave him a humorous look, and a long, inquisitive nose.

The sweat broke out in beads on Samuel's forehead as the tall man looked at him, his startled, dumbfounded gaze taking in the jewel-case pressed tightly under the other's arm. Then he glanced swiftly towards the bed. It all happened in a minute. He put his forefinger over his lips. "My wife—delicate," he whispered; "on no account must you waken her. Don't make a scene and I will let you away." He backed from the room and Samuel followed him.

In the hall the tall man held out his hand for the jewel-case. "Is this all you've taken," he asked sternly. Samuel could only nod. The man flicked open the lid with his finger, then, as though to reassure himself, lifted the tray, which revealed pearls and pendants in a deep recess. Mutely Samuel watched him. "Well, you had better go now," the other said sharply, "and go quietly; we have guests here to-night."

Once in the open Samuel realized the sweat was pouring down his face and his heart was pounding wildly at his side. How he arrived at his lodgings he never afterwards knew. But he did not awake next day until the afternoon was well spent, and then he rose reluctantly to go out and secure a drink. In the street the newsboys were calling. "Daring burglary! Daring burglary!"

He bought a paper and hastily opened it, his eyes almost starting from their sockets as he read—

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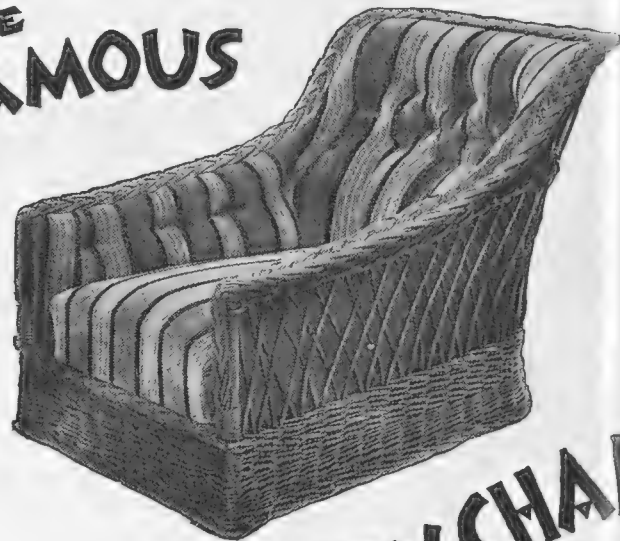
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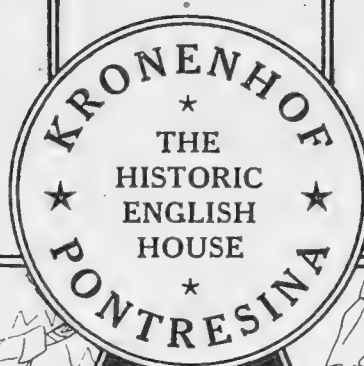
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Air Eddies—continued

For night landings at civil aerodromes, for example, the Air Navigation Convention lays down that the flares are to be three in number, and to be laid out in the form of an isosceles triangle, the aircraft to land over the base and towards the apex. But in the R.A.F. the flares are laid out in the form of a T, and the aircraft lands in the direction of the stem of the T and facing towards the top in the usual way. In this confusion between the regulations there lies an opening for devastating down-wind landings. R.A.F. pilots use civil aerodromes a good deal, and although R.A.F. aerodromes are not open to the public, they are always available in an emergency. Surely it is especially in an emergency that this confusion in the regulations is likely to be most dangerous.

The obvious cure is for the R.A.F. to conform to the regulations laid down by the Air Navigation Convention for civil stations. Night bombers are not so completely blind to the left that it would be dangerous for them to fly left circuits, and the landing arrangements should be standardized at once. The present chaotic conditions are a scandal, and the Air Ministry will lay itself open to the most serious criticism if it fails to act immediately in doing away with all those R.A.F. aerodrome regulations that conflict with those of the civil authorities. Unity of system in a matter like this is the only way out and the sooner it is adopted the better.



LADY INVERCLYDE

One of the many beautiful portrait studies in Mabel Robey's Photographic Exhibition at 28, Baker Street which is from May 5 to 16. Mabel Robey, as is well known, is one of the most talented of Society and theatrical photographers

Cape Town and Back.

People are still talking about the Duchess of Bedford's flight to the Cape and back in twenty days. I have seen the flight compared with that of Sir Alan Cobham, with the statement that the flying time was longer than Sir Alan's. Such a comparison is unjust. Sir Alan took about three months for his flight while the Duchess of Bedford took twenty days. The actual hours spent in the air have little to do with it. The Duchess of Bedford and her pilots, Captain C. D. Barnard and Mr. R. Little, are to be congratulated upon the fastest and most notable flight between England and the Cape that has yet been made. The machine, which Shell-Mex have been showing outside Bush House, has attracted a great deal of attention from the public.

For the third attraction of their International Season at the Globe Theatre, Charles B. Cochran and Maurice Browne will present the Japanese Players now at the Théâtre Pigalle, Paris, headed by Tokujiro Tsutsui, the most famous actor in Japan. Their entertainment, in review form, includes dramatic sketches, comedy, music, and dancing. They bring with them a Japanese orchestra. A feature is the beauty chorus, which Mr. Cochran declares is comparable with that of his Young Ladies at the London Pavilion. The whole production is wonderfully costumed; perhaps the most beautiful scene is called "Love When the Cherry Trees are in Flower."

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Notes and News.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for £13 for a poor gentlewoman who is almost destitute. After her parents' death she went to live with her uncle, a curate in the West of England, who died some years ago leaving her homeless. Like



ALEXANDER MOISSI

As Fedya in the Tolstoi play, "Redemption, or the Living Corpse," which will be presented by Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. Maurice Browne during their International Season, which opens at the Globe on May 26. Moissi is called the actor with the wonderful voice, and in Tolstoi's tragic play he makes the fullest use of it

Bruno Walter. The great modern composer, Glazounov, conducts his own work in the recording of *The Season's Ballet*. Admirers of Solomon should acquire Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor for piano and orchestra (Tschaikowsky), in which he plays the solo instrument. Grand Opera is well represented this month, owing to the Season at Covent Garden. Iva Pacetti sings "La Mamma Morta" from *Andrea Chenier* and "Pace mio Dio!"

from *La Forza del Destino*; Bianca Scacciati and Francesco Merli give two airs from *Andrea Chenier*, "Vicino a te" and "La Nostra Morte"; the famous bass, Ivar Andresen, sings "Ein Furchtbares Verbrechen!" from *Tannhäuser*, and "Ein Feste Burg" from *Huguenots*; Georges Thill and Mlle. Feraldy sing "Le Tombeau" Scene from Act V of *Romeo and Juliet*. These are all 12-in. records. Two excellent 10-in. records of Grand Opera are Iva Pacetti singing "Deh! Non Volerli Vittime" from *Norma*, and Francesco Merli and Carlo Morelli singing "Ora e per Sempre Addio" and "Il Sogno" from *Otello*. The lighter records include songs from "Here Comes the Bride," sung by the artists at the Piccadilly Theatre, including "High and Low," "I'll Always Remember," "I Love You and I Like You," "I'm Like a Sailor," "Hot," "Spanish Eyes." Some good dance records are "Crying for the Carolines" and "Have a Little Faith in Me," played by Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians; "The Man from the South" and "Blondy," played by Jack Payne and his B.B.C. Dance Orchestra; "The Boomerang" and "I'll Be Getting Along," played by Debroy Somers Band; "With a Song in My Heart" and "The Wind in the Willows," both from *Cochran's 1930. Revue*, and played by Van Phillips and his Band; "All That I'm Asking is Sympathy" and "The Wedding in the Ark," played by Ray Starita and his Ambassadors Band.

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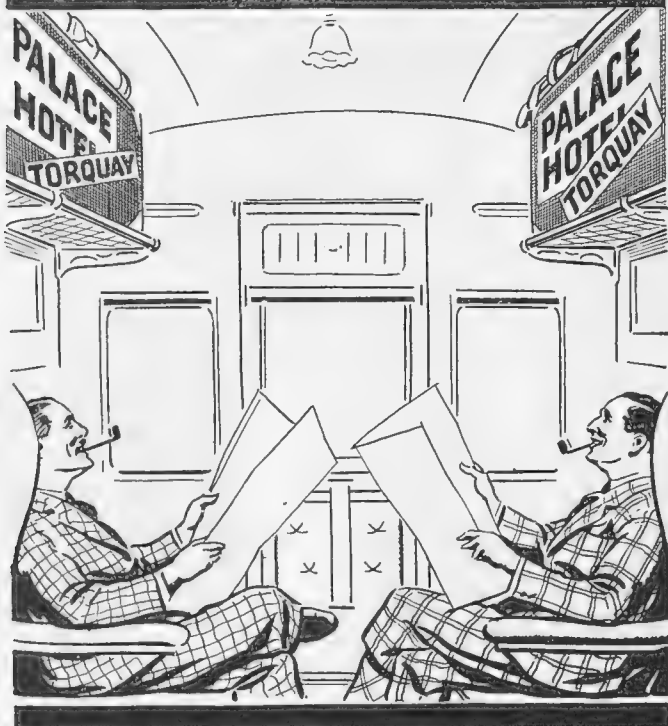
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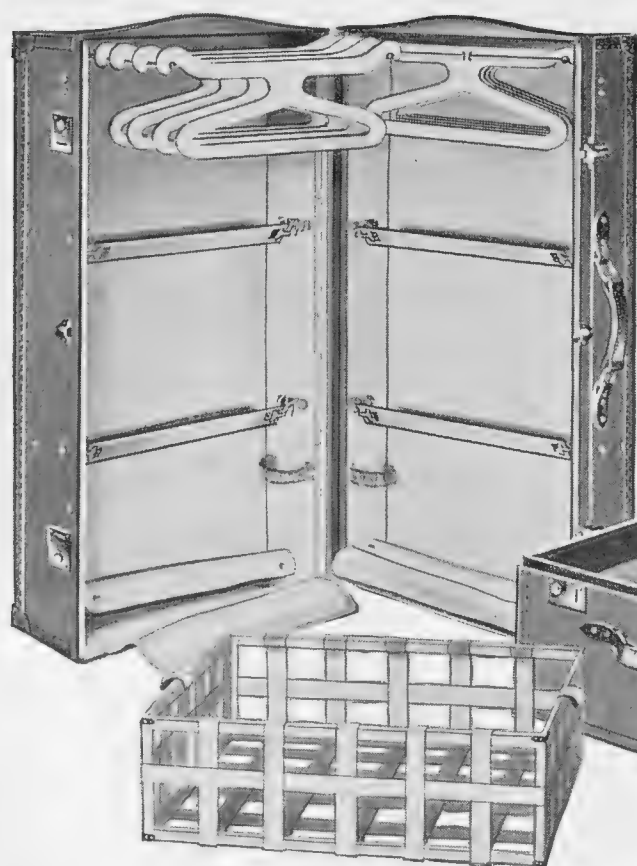
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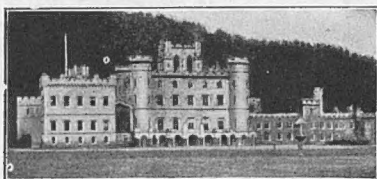
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